

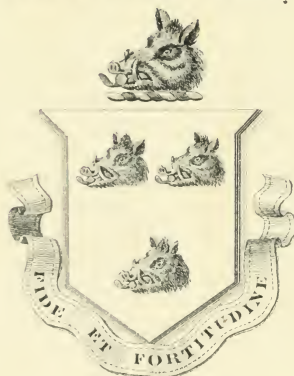
Accessions

160.262

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BLVRT Master-Constable.

OR
The Spaniards Night-walke.

*As it hath bin sundry times privately
acted by the Children of Paules.*

J. M. 1616

—— *Patresq; senari.*

Fronde comas vincti canant, et carmina dicunt.



L O N D O N,
Printed for Henry Rockytt, and are to be solde
at the long shop vnder S. Mildreds Church in
the Poultry, 1 6 0 2.

160.262

May, 1878

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Blurt Master Constable.

*Enter Camillo with Violetta, Hipolito, Baptista, Bentiuolo,
& Virgilio, as returning from warre, every one with a Glouc in his
hat, Ladies with them, Doyt and Dandiprat.*

Hipol.



Mary Sir, the onely rising vp in Armes, is
in the armes of a woman: peace (I say
still) is your onely Paradice, when euerie
Adam may haue his Christmas *Eue*: and
you take mee lying any more by the
colde sides of a brazen-face field-peice

vnlesse I haue such a Downe pillow vnder me, Ile giue you leaue
to knocke vp both my golles in my Fathers hall, and hang hats
vpon these ten-penny nailes.

Viol. And yet brother, when with the sharpest hookes of my
wit I labour'd to pull you from the warres, you broke loose, like
a horse that knew his owne strength, and vow'd, nothing but a
man of warre should backe you.

Hip. I haue been backt since and almost vnbackt too.

Viol. And swore that honour was neuer dyed in graine, till ie
was dipt in the cullors of the field.

Hip. I am a new man Sitter, and now cry a pox a that ho-
nor, that must haue none but Barber-Surgions to waite vpon't,
and a band of poore stragling rascals, that euerie twinkling of an
eye, forfeit their legs and armes into the Lords hands: Wenches
by *Mars* his sweatty Buffe Jerkin. (for now all my oathes must
smell a the Soldado) I haue scene more mens heades spurn'd vp

Blurt Master Constable?

and downe like foote-balles at a breake-fast, after the hungry Cannons had pickt them; than are Maiden-heads in Venice: and more legs of men seru'd in at a dinner, then euer I shall see legs of Capons in one platter whilst I liue.

1 Lady. Perhaps all those were Capons legs you did see.

Wig. Nay mistress Ile witnes against you for some of them.

Viol. I doe not thinke for all this, that my brother stood to it so lustilie as he makes his brags for.

3 Lady. No, no, these great talkers are neuer great doers.

Viol. Faith brother how many did you kill for your share?

Hip. Not so many as thou hast done with that villanous eye by a thousand.

Viol. I thought so much, that's iust none.

Cam. Tis not a Souldiers glory to tell howe many liues hee has ended, but how many he has saued: in both which honours the noble *Hipolito* had most excellent possession. Belieue it my faire Mistris, tho many men in a battle haue done more, your brother in this equal'd him who did most: he went from you a worthy Gentleman, he brings with him that tytle that makes a Gentleman most worthy; *the name of a Souldier*, which how wel and how soone he hath earn'd, would in me seeme glorious to rehearse, in you to heare: but because his owne care dwels so neere my voice, I will play the ill neighbour, and cease to speake well of him.

Viol. An argument that eyther you dare not, or loue not to flatter.

Cam. No more then I dare or loue to doe wrong; yet to make a Cronicle of my friends nobly-acted deeds, would stand as far from flattery in me, as cowardize did from him.

Hip. S'foote if all the wit in this company haue nothing to set it selfe about, but to run Deuision vpon me, why then Eene burne off mine cares indeed, but my little Mer-maides, *Signior Camillo* does this, that I now might describe the *Niniuiticall* motion of the whole battle, and so tell what hee has done: and come, shall I begin?

1 Lady. O for beauties loue, a good motion.

Hip. But

Flurr Master Constable.

Hip. But I can tell you one thing, I shall make your hayre stand vp an end at some things.

Viol. Prethee good brother Soldier keepe the *peace*, our haire stand an end? pittie a my hart, the next end would be of our wits: we hang out a white flag most terrible *Tamberlaine*, and begge mercy; come, come, let vs neither haue your *Nimitticall* motions nor your swaggering battailes: why my Lord *Camillo*, you inuited mee hether to a banquet, not to the Ballad of a pitch field.

Cam. And heere it stands bright Mistris, sweetly attending what doome your lips will lay vpon it.

Viol. I marie Sir, let our teeth describe this *Motion*.

2 Lady. We shall neuer describe it well, for fumbling i'th mouth.

Hip. Yes, yes, I haue a trick to make vs vnderstand one another and we fumble neuer so——

Viol. Meddle not with his trickes sweet heart; vnder pardon my Lord, tho I am your guest, Ile bestow my selfe, sit deere beauties: for the men, let them take vp places themselves; I prethee brother fighter sit, & talke of any subiect, but this langling law at Armes.

Hip. The law at legs then.

Vio. Wil you be so luttie? no nor legs neither, we'll haue them tyed vp too, since you are among Ladies: gallants, handle those things onlie that are fit for Ladies.

Hip. Agree'd so that we go not out of the compasse of those things that are fit for Lords.

Viol. Be't so, what's the Theame then?

1 Lady. *Beautie*, that fits vs best.

Cam. And of Beautie what tongue would not speake the best: since it is the lewell that hangs vpon the brow of heauen, the best cullor that can be laide vpon the cheeke of earth: beauty makes men Gods immortall; by making mortall men to liue euer in loue. (for loue.

2 Lady. Euer? not so, I haue heard that some men haue dyed

Viol. So haue I, but I could neuer see't: Ide ride forty miles

Blurt Master Constable.

to follow such a fellow to Church, and would make more of a sprig of Rosemary at his buriall, than of a gilded Bride-branch at mine owne wedding.

Camil. Take you such delight in men that dye for loue?

Viol. Not in the men nor in the death, but in the deed; troth I thinke he is not a sound man that wil dye for a woman, and yet I would neuer loue a man soundlie, that would not knocke at deathes doore for my loue.

Hip. Ide knocke as long as I thought good, but haue my braines knockt out when I entred, if I were he.

Cam. What *Venetian* Gentleman was there, that hauing *this* in his Burgonet, did not (to proue his head worthy of the honor) doe more than defye death to the verie face? trust vs Ladies, our *Signiory* standes bound in greater summes of thanks to your beauties for victorie, than to our vallour: my deare *Violetta* one kisse to this picture of your whitest hand, when I was euen faint, (with giuing and receiuing the doale of warre)

Set a new edge on my sword: in so much that,
I singled out a gallant Spirit of *France*,
And charg'd him with my Launce in full careere,
And after rich exchange of noble courage,
(The space of a good houre on eyther side)
At last crying, now for *Violettaes* honour,
I vanquisht him, and him (dismounted) tooke
Not to my selfe, but prisoner to my loue.

Viol. I haue heard much praise of that French gallant, good my Lord, bring him acquainted with our eyes.

Cam. I will, goe boy fetch noble *Antinell*. *Exit Boy.*

Hip. Will your French prisoner drinke well? or else cut his throate.

Cam. Oh no he cannot brooke it.

Hip. The pox he can, slight methinks a French man shold haue a good courage to wine, for many of them be exceeding hot fiery wherefons, and resolute as *Hector*, and as valliant as *Troilus*; then come off and on brauely and lye by it, and sweate fort too, vpon a good and a military aduantage.

Enter

Blurt Master Constable:

Enter Fontinell.

Cam. Prethee haue done heere comes the prisoner.

Viol. My Lord *Camillo*, is this the Gentleman,
Whose vallour, by your vallour is subdu'd?

Cam. It is faire Lady, and I yeild him vp,
To be your beauties worthy prisoner:
Lord *Fontinell*, thinke your captiuitie
Happie in this, she that hath conquered me,
Receiues my conquest, as my loues faire fee.

Viol. Faire stranger droope not, since the chance of wars
Brings to the Soldier death, restraint, or scarres.

Font. Lady, I know the fortune of the field,
Is death with honour, or with shame to yeild,
As I haue done.

Viol. In that no scandall lies,
Who dyes when he may liue, he doubly dyes.

Font. My reputation's lost,

Viol. Nay thats not so,
You flee not, but were vanquisht by your foe,
The eye of warre respects not you nor him,
It is our fate will haue vs loose or win,
You will disdaine if I you prisoner call?

Font. No, but reioyce since I am beauties thrall.

Hip. Enough of this, come wenches shake your heeles.

Cam. Musicke aduance thee on thy golden wing,
And daunce deuision from sweet string to string.

Font. *Camillo* I shall curbe thy tyranie,
In making me that Ladies prisoner:
She has an Angels bodie, but within't,
Her coy heart sayes there lyes a heart of flint,
Such beautie be my Iaylor? a heauenly hell!
The darkeſt dungeon, which spite can deuise,
To throw this carkasse in, her glorious eyes
Can make as light some, as the faireſt chamber
In *Paris Louure*: come captiuitie,
And chaine me to her lookes; how am I toſt?

*Musicke for
a Measure.*

Being

Blurt Master Constable.
Being twice in minde, as twice in body lost.

*Whilst Fontinell speaks, they dance a straine, Violetta on a so daime
breakes off, the rest stand talking.*

Cam. Not the measure out faire Mistris?

Viol. No, faire seruant, not the measure out, I haue on the so-
daine a foolish desire to be out of the measure.

Cam. What breeds that desire?

Viol. Nay I hope it is no breeding matter, tush, tush, by my
maiden-head I will not, the musicke likes me not, and I haue
a shooe wrings me to'th heart; besides I haue a womans reason,
I will not daunce, because I will not daunce: prethee deare He-
ro take my prisoner there into the measure; fye I cannot abide to
see a man sad nor idle, Ile bee out once, as the Musicke is (in
mine care)

Font. Lady, bid him whose heart no sorrow feedes,
Tickle the rushes with his wanton heeles,
I haue too much lead at mine.

1 Lady. Ile make it light,

Font. How?

1 Lady. By a nimble daunce.

Font. You hit it right.

1 Lady. Your Keeper bids you daunce.

Font. Then I obey,

My heart I feele growes light, it melts away.

They daunce, Violetta stands by marking Fontinell.

Viol. In troth a very pretty French man, the carriage of his
bodie likes me well; so does his footing, so does his face, so does
his eye aboue his face, so does himselfe, aboue all that can bee a-
boue himselfe.

Camillo thou hast plaide a foolish part,

Thy prisoner makes a slaue of thy loues heart,

Shal *Camillo* then sing willow, willow, willow? not for the world:
no, no, my French prisoner; I will vse thee *Cupid* knowes how,
and teach thee to fall into the hands of a woman: if I doe not
feede

Blurt Master Constable.

feede thee with faire lookes, nere let me liue: if thou getst out of my fingers til I haue thy verie heart, nere let me loue; nothing but thy life shall serue my turne, and how otherwise Ile plague thee, *Monsieur* you and Ile deale, onely this, because Ile be sure he shall not start, Ile locke him in a little low roome besides himselfe, where his wanton eye shall see neither Sunne nor Moone: So, the daunce is done, and my heart has done her worst, made me in loue: farewell my Lord, I haue much hast, you haue many thanks, I am angred a little, but am greatly pleas'd: if you wonder that I take this strange leaue; excuse it thus, that women are strange fooles, and will take any thing. *Exit.*

Hip. Trickes; trickes; kerry merry buffe; how now lad, in a trauince?

Cam. Strange farewell; after, deere *Hippolito*,
O what a maze is loue of ioy and woe!

Exeunt.

Font. Strange frenzie; after wretched *Fontinell*,
Oh what a heauen is; loue! oh what a hell!

Exit.

Enter Lazarillo melancholy, and Pilcher his boy.

Laz. Boy, I am melancholy because I burne.

Pil. And I am melancholy because I am a colde.

Laz. I pine away with the desire of flesh.

Pil. It's neither flesh nor fish that I pine for, but for both.

Laz. *Pilcher*, *Cupid* hath got me a stomacke, and I long for lac'd mutton.

Pil. Plaine mutton without a lace would serue me.

Laz. For as your tame Monkey is your onely best, & most onely beast to your Spanish Lady: or, as your Tobacco is your onely smoker away of rewme, and all other rewmeticke diseases: or as your Irish lowse does bite most naturally foureteene weekes after the change of your Saffron seamed shirt: or, as the commodities which are sent out of the Low-countries (and put in vessels called mother *Cornelius* dry-fats) are in most common in Fraunce: so it pleaseth the destinies, that I should thirst to drinke out of a most sweet *Italian* vessell, being a *Spaniard*.

B

Pil. What

Blurt Master Constable.

Pil. What vessel is that *Signior*?

La. A Woman *Pilch*, the moyst handed *Madona Imperia*, a most rare and diuine creature.

Pil. A most rascallie damn'd Curtizan.

La. Boy, hast thou forrag'd the Country for a new lodg-
ing? for I haue sworne to laye my bones in this Chittie of *Ve-*
nice.

Pil. Any man that sees vs, will sweare that we shall both lay
our bones, and nothing but bones, and we st like heere longer;
they tell me *Signior*, I must goe to the Constable, and he is to see
you lodg'd.

La. Inquier for that busie-member of the Chitty.

Enter Doyt and Dandyprat passing ouer.

Pilc. I will, and heere come a leash of Informers: saue you
plumpe youths.

Dan. And thee my leane stripling.

Pilc. Which is the Constables house?

Doyt. That at the signe of the browne Bill.

Pilch. Farewell.

Dan. Why, and farewell; the roague's made of pye-crust he's
so short.

Pilch. The Officious Gentleman inherits heere. *He knockes*

La. Knock, or enter, & let thy voice pul him out by the eares.

Doyt. Slid *Dandiprat*, this is the Spanish curtall that in the last
battaile, fled twenty miles ere he lookt behinde him.

Dan. *Doyt*, he did the wiser: but sirra, this blocke shall bee a
rare threshold for vs to whet our wits vpon; come, lets about our
busines, and if heere we finde him at our returne, he shall finde vs
this month in knauery. *Exeunt.*

Pil. What ho, no body speakes, where dwels the Constable?

Enter Blurt and Slubber the Beadle.

Blu. Heere dwels the Constable; call assistance, giue them
my full charge, raise (if you see cause) now sir, what are you sir?

Pilc. Fol-

Blurt Master Constable.

Pile. Follower to that Spanish-leather Gentleman.

Blur. And what are you sir, that cry out vpon me? looke to his tooles. What are are you sir? speake, what are you? I charge you what are you?

La. Most cleare Mirrour of Magistrates, I am a seruitor to God *Mars.*

Blu. For your seruing of God I am not to meddle, why doe you raise me?

La. I desire to haue a wide roome in your fauour: sweete bloud, cast away your name vpon me; for I neither know you by your face, nor by your voice

Blu. It may be so Sir; I haue two voices in any company: one, as I am Master Constable: another, as I am *Blurt*: and the third, as I am *Blurt* Master Constable.

La. I vnderstand, you are a mightie pillar or poast in the Chittie.

Blu. I am a poore poast, but not to stand at euerie mans doore, without my bench of Bill-men: I am (for a better) the Dukes owne Image, and charge you in his name to obay me.

La. I doe so.

Blu. I am to stand Sir in any bawdie house, or sincke of wickednes: I am the Dukes owne grace, and in any fray or resurrection, am to besturre my stumps as well as he; I charge you know

Slab. Turne the Armes to him. (this staffe.)

Blu. Vpon this may I leane. & no man say black's mine eye

La. Who so euer saies you haue a blacke eye, is a *Camooche*, most great *Blurt*; I doe vnpen-house the rooffe of my carkas & touch the knee of thy Office in Spanish complement, I desire to sojourne in your Chitty.

Blu. Sir, sir, for fault of a better, I am to charge you, not to keepe a Soldiering in our Cittie without a Precept: besides, by my office I am to searce & examine you: haue you the Dukes hand to passe? (fingers.)

La. *Senior* no, I haue the Generals hand at large, and all his

Blu. Except it be for the general good of the Comon wealth, the Generall cannot leade you vp and downe our Cittie.

Blurt Master Constable.

Laz. I haue the Generals hand to passe through the world at my pleasure.

Blurt. At your pleasure thats rare; then rowlie, powlie, our wines shall lye at your commaund: your Generall has no such authoritie in my Presinde, and therefore I charge you passe no further.

Laz. I tell thee, I will passe through the world, thou little morsell of Iustice, and eate twenty such as thou art.

Blurt. Sir, sir, you shall finde *Venice* out of the world: Ile tickle you for that.

Laz. I will passe through the world, as *Alexander Magnus* did, to Conquer.

Blurt. As *Alexander* of *Saint Magnus* did? that's another matter, you might haue informed this at the first, & you neuer needed to haue come to your answere: let me see your *Pass*, if it bee not the *Dukes* hand, Ile tickle you for all this: quicklie I pray, this staffe is to walke in other places.

Laz. There it is.

Blurt. *Slubber*, read it ouer.

Laz. Read it your selfe, what *Besonian* is that?

Blurt. This is my *Clarke* sir, he has been *Clarke* to a good many bondes and Billes of mine, I keepe him onelie to read, for I cannot, my Office will not let me.

Pil. Why doe you put on your Spectacles then?

Blurt. To see that hee read right: how now *Slubber*, ist the *Dukes* hand? Ile tickle him else.

Slu. Mastis not like his hand.

Blurt. Looke well, the Duke has a wart on the backe of his hand.

Slub. Heere's none on my word Master Constable, but a little blot.

Blurt. Blot? lets see lets see; ho that stands for the wart. doe you see the tricke of that? Stay stay, is there not a little pricke in the hand for the *Dukes* hand had a pricke in't when I was with him, with opening Oysters.

Slu. Yes mas her's one, besides tis a goodly great long hand.

Blurt. So,

Blurt Master Constable:

Blu. So has the Duke a goodly huge hand, I haue shooke him by it, (God forgie me) ten thousand times: hee mu't passe like *Alexander* of Saint *Magnus*; Well Sir, (tis your duety to stand bare) the Duke has sent his fitt to me, and I were a Jew if I should shrinke for it, I obay, you must passe, but pray take heede with what dice you passe, I meane what company, for Sathan is most busie, where he findes one like himselfe. your name Sir?

La. *Lazarillo de Tormes* in *Castile*, cozen *Germaine* to the *Adolantado* of *Spaine*.

Blu. Are you so Sir? Gods blessing on your heart: your name againe Sir, if it be not too tedious for you?

La. *Lazarillo de Tormes* in *Castile*, Cozen-*germaine* to the *Spanish Adolantado*.

Slub. I warrant he's a great man in his owne Country.

Blu. Has a good name; *Slubber* set it downe: write, *Lazarus* in torment at the Castle, and a cozning *Germaine*, at the signe of the Falantido diddle in *Spaine*: So Sir you are ingross, you must giue my Officer a groate it's nothing to me *Signior*.

La. I will cancell when it comes to a summe.

Blu. Well Sir, well he shall giue you an *Item* for't, make a bill and hee'll teare it he saies.

La. Most admirable *Blurt*, I am a man of war and professe fighting.

Blu. I charge you in the Dukes name keep the peace.

La. By your sweet fauour most deare *Blurt*, you charge too fast, I am a hanger on vpon *Mars*, and haue a few Crownes.

Pil. Two: his owne and mine.

La. And dezier you to point out a faire lodging for mee and my Traine.

Blu. Tis my Office *Signior* to take men vp a nightes, but if you wil, my Maides shall take you vp a mornings, since you professe fighting; I will commit you *Signior* to mine owne house, but will you pitch and pay, or will your Worship run—

La. I scorne to run from the face of *Thamer Cham*.

Blu. Then Sir, you meane not to run?

La. *Signior* no,

Blurt Master Constable.

Blu. Bearewitness *Slubber*, that his answer is *Signior* no: So now if he runnes vpon the score, I haue him strait vpon *Signior* no; this is my house *Signior*, enter.

Lat. March excellent *Blurt*: attend *Pilcher*.

Exeunt.

Enter Doyt and Dandiprat.

Pil. Vpon your trencher *Signior*, most hungrily.

Doy. Now sirra where's thy Master?

Pil. The Con'table has prest him.

Doy. What, for a Soldier?

Pil. I, for a Soldier; but ere he'll goe, I thinke indeede, he & I together shall presse the Con'table.

Dan. No matter, squeeze him, and leaue no more liquor in him, than in a dry'd Neatestongue: Sirra thin-gut, what's thy name?

Pil. My name? you chops, why I am of the bloud of the *Pilchers*.

Dan. Nays' foote, if one should kill thee, hee could not bee hang'd for't, for hee would shed no bloud, ther's none in thee: *Pilcher*? thou art a moist pittifull dryed one.

Doy. I wonder thy master does not slice thee, and swallow thee for an *Anchoues*.

Pil. He wants wine *Boy* to swallow me down for he wants money to swallow downe wine: but farewell, I must dog my master.

Dan. As long as thou dog'st a *Spaniard*, thou'lt nere be fatter; but stay, our haist is as great as thine, yet to endeere our selues in-to thy leane acquaintance, cry *Rino Hogh*, laugh an I be fat, and for ioy that we are met. wee'll meete and be merry, sing:

Pil. Ile make a shift to squeake.

Doyt. And I.

Dan. And I, for my profession is to shift as well as you, hem:

Sing.

Musicke.

Dnt. What meate eates the *Spaniard*?

Pil. Dry'd *Pilchers* and poore *Iohns*:

Dan. Alas

Blurt Master 'Grisable.'

Dem. Alas thou art almost dead.

Pil. My cheekes are false and gone.

Dym. Wouldst thou not leape at a peece of meate?

Pil. O how my teeth doe water, I could eate
For the heavens; my flesh is almost gone
With eating of *Pulcher* and poore *John*.

Exeunt.

Enter Fontenell from Tennis, and True-penny with him.

Font. Am I so happy then?

True. Nay sweet *Monsieur*.

Font. O boy thou hast new wing'd my captiu'd soule,
Now to my Fortune all the Fates may yeild,
For I haue won where first I lost the field.

True. Why sir, did my Mistress pricke you with the Spanish
needle of her loue, before I summond you (from her) to this
parly?

Font. Doubts thou that boy?

True. Of mine honettie I doubt extreemely, for I cannot
see the little Godstokens vpon you: there is as much difference
betweene you and a Louer, as betweene a Cuckolde and
a Vnicorne.

Font. Why boy?

True. For you doe not weare a paire of ruffled, frowning, vngartred Stockinges, like a Gallant that hides his small tymbred legs, with a quail-pipe boote: your hose stands vpon too many points, and are not troubled with that falling sicknes, which followes pale, meager, miserable, melancholy Louers: your hands are not groping continuallie.

Font. Where my little obseruer?

True. In your greasie pocket sir, like one that wants a Cloake for the raine, and yet is still weather-beaten: your hat nor head are not of the true hey-ho-blocke, for it should be broad brim'd, lymber, like the skinne of a white pudding when the meate is out: the facing fattye: the Felt dustye,
and

Blurt' Master Constable.

and not entred into any band, but your haris of the nature of a loose, light, heauie-swelling wench, too strait laced: I tell you *Monsieur*, a Louer should be all loose from the sole of the foote rizing vpward; and from the Bases, or confines of the Slop, falling downewards: if you were in my Mistresses Chamber, you should finde other-gates priuy signes of loue hanging out there.

Font. Haue your little eyes watcht so narrowlie?

Try. Oh sir, a Page must haue a Cats eye, a Spaniels legge, a whoorestongue (a little tasting of the Cog) a Catch-poles hand, what he gripes is his owne; and a little little baudy.

Font. Faire *Viola* I will weare thy loue,
Like this French order, neere vnto my heart,
Via for fate, Fortune, loe this is all,
At griefes rebound Ile mount, although I fall.

Enter Camillo and Hipolito from Tennis, Doyt and Dandepprat with their cloakes and Rapiers.

Cam. Now by Saint Marke he's a most trecherous villaine,
Dare the base French-mans eye gaze on my loue?

Hip. Nay sweet roague, why wouldst thou make his face a vizard, to haue two loope-holes onely? when he comes to a good face, may he not doe with his eyes what he will; s'foote if I were as he, Ide pull them out, and if I wist they would anger thee.

Camil. Thou ad'st heate to my rage, away, stand backe,
Dishonoured slaue, more tretcherous then base,
This is the instance of my scorn'd disgrace.

Font. Thou ill aduiz'd *Italian* whence proceedes
This sodaine fury?

Cam. Villaine, from thee.

Hip. *Hercules* stand betweene them.

Font. Villaine by my bloud;
I am as free borne as your *Venice* Duke,
Villaine, Saint *Dennis* and my life to boote,
Thy lips shall kisse this pauement or my foote.

Hip. Your

Blurt Master Constable!

Hip. Your foote with a pox: I hope y'are no Pope Sir: his lips shall kisse my Sisters soft lippe: and thine, the tough lip of this: nay Sir, I doe but shewe you that I haue a toole; doe you heare Saint *Dennis*, but that we both stand vpon the narrow bridge of Honour, I should cut your throate now, for pure loue you beare to my Sister, but that I know you would set out a throate.

Cam. Wilt thou not Stab the peasant,
That thus dishonours both thy selfe and me?

Hip. Saint *Marke* set his markes vpon me then: stab? Ile haue my shinnes broken, ere Ile scratch so much as the skin off, at the law of Armes: shall I make a French-man cry oh, before the fall of the Leafe: not I by the Crosse of this, *Dandy-prat*.

Dan. If you will Sir, you shall coyne me into a shilling.

Hip. I shall lay too heauie a crosse vpon thee then.

Cam. Is this a time to iest? boy call my seruants.

Doit. Gentlemen to the dresser.

Enter Seruingmen.

Cam. You roague, what *Dresser*? ceaze on *Fontenell*,
And lodge him in a Dungeon presentlie.

Font. He steps vpon his death, that stirres a foote.

Cam. That shall I trie, as in the field before
I made thee stoope, so heere Ile make thee bow.

Font. Thou plaidst the Soldier then, the villaine now.

Camillo and his men set vpon him, get him downe and disweapen him, and holde him fast.

Font. Treacherous *Italians*.

Camil. Hale him to a Dungeon,
There if your thoughts can apprehend the forme,
Of *Violetta*; dote on her rare feature,
Or if your proude flesh, with a sparing dyet,
Can still retaine her swelling spritfulnes;
Then Court (instead of her) the croaking vermine,
That people, that most solitarie vault.

C

Hip. But

Blurt Master Constable?

Hip. But sirra *Camillo*, wilt thou play the wise and venerable bearded Master Constable, and commit him indeede, because he would be medling in thy Precincte and will not put off the cap of his Loue, to the browne-bill of thy desires? Well, thou hast giuen the Law of Armes a broken pate alreadie, therefore if thou wilt needes turne Broker, and be a cut-throate too, doe: for my part, Ile goe get a sweet ball, and wash my handes, of it.

Cam. Away with him, my life shall answer it.

Font. To prison must I then? well I will goe,
And with a light-wing'd spirit insult ore woe,
For in the darkeſt hell on earth, Ile finde
Her faire Idea to content my minde,
Yet *Fraunce* and *Italy* with blistered tongue,
Shall publish thy dishonor in my wrong
Oh now how happy wert thou, couldſt thou lodge me
Where I could leaue to loue her?

Cam. By heauen I can.

Font. Thou canſt: Oh happie man!
This a kinde of new inuented law,
Firſt feede the Axe, after produce the Saw,
Her heart no doubt will thy affections feelee;
For thou lt pleade ſighes in bloud, and teares in ſteele.
Boy tell my loue, her loue thus ſighing ſpake:
Ile vaile my creſt to death, for her deere ſake.

Exit.

Cam. Boy: what boy is that?

Hip. Iſt you Sir *Pandarus*, the broking Knight of *Troy*, are your two legs the paire of treſſels, for the French-man to get vp vpon my Siſter?

Tru. By the nine Worthies, worthy Gallants not I; I a Gentleman for Conueiance? I Sir *Pandarus*? would *Troy* then were in my breeches, and I burnt woſe then poore *Troy*: ſweet Signior you know, I know, and all *Venice* knowes, that my Miſtris ſcornes double dealing with her heeles.

Hip. With her heeles? O heer's a ſure pocket Dag, and my Siſter ſhootes him off ſniſſſnap at her pleaſure. Sirra *Mephoſtophiles*,

Blurt Master Constable.

philes, did not you bring letters from my Sister to the French man?

True. Signior no.

Cam. Did not you fetch him out of the Tennis Court?

Tru. No point *per masoy*, you see I haue many tongues speake for me.

Hip. Did not he follow your cracke-ship, at a becke giuen?

True. Ita, true, certes, he spyed, & I spitting thus, went thus,

Hip. But were staide thus,

Tru. You holde a my side, and therefore I must needs stick to you, tis true: I going, hee followed; and following, singled me, iust as your worship does now: but I strugled and stragled, and wrigled and wragled, and at last cryed *Vale valete*, as I doe now, with this fragment of a rime:

My Lady is grossly false in loue, and yet her waste is slender,
Had I not slipped away, you wold haue made my buttocks tender.

Exit.

Din. Shall *Doyt* & I play the Bloud-hounds & after him?

Cam. No let him run.

Hip. Not for this wager of my Sisters loue, run; away *Dandi-prat*, catch *True-penny*, & hold him, thy selfe shal passe more currant.

Da I fly Sir, your *Dandi-prat* is as light as a clipt Angel. *Exit*

Hip. Nay Gods lid after him *Camillo*, reply not but away.

Cam. Content, you know where to meete: *Exit.*

Hip. For I know that the onelie way to win a wench, is not to woo her: the onely way to haue her fast, is to haue her loose: the onely way to triumph ouer her, is to make her fall; and the way to make her fall, ———

Doyt. Is to throw her downe.

Hip. Are you so cunning Sir?

Doyt. O Lord Sir, and haue so perfit a Master.

Hip. Well Sir, you know the Gentlewoman that dwels in the midst of Saint Markes streete.

Doyt. Midst of S Markes streete Sir?

Hip. A pox on you, the flea-bitten fac'd Ladie.

Exit.

Blurt Master Constable.

Doit. Oh Sir, the freckle checke *Madona*, I know her Signior,
as well ———

Hip. Not as I doe, I hope Sir.

Doit. No Sir, I'de be loath to haue such inward acquaintance
with her as you haue.

Hip. Well fir slip goe presently to her, and from me deliuer
to her owne white hands, *Fontmels* picture.

Doit. Indeed Sir, she loues to haue her chamber hung with
the pictures of men.

Hip. She does, Ile keepe my sisters eyes and his painted face
a sunder; tell her besides, the Maske holdes, and this the night, &
nine the houre; say we are all for her, away.

Doit. And shee's for you all, were you an Armie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Imperia the Curtizan, two maides Triuia and
Simperina, with perfumes.*

Imp. Fye, fie, fie, fie, by the light oath of my Fanne, the wea-
ther is exceeding tedious and faint: *Triuia, Simperina*, stir, stir,
stir, one of you open the Case-ments, t'other take a ventoy and
gentlie coole my face: fye, I ha such an exceeding hye culler, I
so sweate; *Simperina*, dost heare? prethee be more compendious:
why *Simperina*!

Sim. Heere Madame.

Imp. Presse downe my ruffe before; away, fie, howe thou
blowst vpon me, thy breath (gods me) thy breath, fie, fie, fie, fie,
it takes off all the painting and culler from my cheek: In good
faith I care not if I goe and be sicke presentlie; hey ho, my head
so akes with carrying this Bodkin: in troth Ile try if I can bee
sicke.

Triu. Na good sweet Ladie.

Sim. You know a companie of Gallantes will be heere at
night, be not out of temper sweet mistris.

Imp. In good troth if I bee not sicke I must be melancholye
then: this same gowne neuer comes on, but I am so melancholie,
& so hart-burnt: tis a strange garment, I warrant *Simperina* the
foolish

Blurt Master Constable:

foolish Taylor that made it, was troubled with the stitch, when he compos'd it.

Sim. That's very likelic Madame, but it makes you haue oh a most in-conie bodie.

Im. No, no, no, no, by Saint *Marke* the waste is not long enough, (for I loue a long & tedious waste) besides, I haue a most vngodlie middle in it; and sic, sic, sic, sic, it makes mee bend i'th backe: oh let me haue some Musicke. *Musicke.*

Sim. That's not the fault in your gowne Madaine, but of your baudie.

Imp. Fa la la, fa la la, indeede the bending of the backe is the fault of the bodie la, la, la, la, fa la la, fa la la, la la lah.

Trim. O rich!

Sim. O rare!

Imp. No, no, no, no, no: tis slight and common all that I do, prethee *Simperina* doe not Ingle me; doe not flatter me *Trimia*, I ha neuer a cast gowne till the next weeke. fa la lá, la la la, fa la la, fa la la &c. This stirring too and fro has done me much good; a song I prethee, I loue these French moouings; oh they are so cleane if you treade them true, you shal hit them to a haire; sing, sing some odde and fantastical thing, for I cannot abide these dull and lumpish tunes, the Musition stands longer a pricking them then I would doe to heare them: no, no, no, giue mee your light ones, that goe nimbly and quicke, and are full of changes, and carrie sweet deuision; ho prethee sing, stay, stay, stay, heer's *Hipolitoes* Sonnet, first read it and then sing it,

Reades.

Song.

1 In a faire woman what thing is best?

2 I thinke a curral lip.

1 No no you iest,

2 She has a better thing.

2 Then tis a pretty eye.

1 Yet tis a better thing,

Which more delight does bring.

2 Then tis a cherry cheeke.

Blurt Master Constable. "

No, no, you lye.

Were neither lip, nor cheekes currall, nor cherry eyes;
Were not her swelling brest stucke with strawberies,
Nor had smooth hand, soft skinne, white necke, pure eye,
Yet she at this alone your loue can lye.

It is, O tis the onely ioy to men,

The onely praise to women; what ist then?

This it is, O this it is, and in a womans middle it is plaste,

In a most beauntious body, a hart most chaste:

This is the Jewell Kings may buy,

If women sell this Jewell, women lye.

One knockes within, Frisco answers within.

Fris. Who the pox knockes?

Doy. One that wil knocke thy coxcombe if he doe not enter.

Fris. If thou dott not enter how canst thou knocke me?

Doy. Why then Ile knocke thee when I doe enter.

Fris. Why then thou shalt not enter, but instead of me knock
thy heeles.

Doyt. Frisco I am Doyt Hypollitoes Page:

Fris. And I am Frisco, Squire to a bawdy house.

Doyt. I haue a Jewell to deliuer to thy Mistris.

Fris. Itt set with pretious stones?

Doyt. Thicke, thick, thicke.

Enter Doyt with the picture, and Frisco.

Fris. Why enter then thicke, thicke, thicke.

Imp. Fye, fie, fie, fie, fie, who makes that yawling at doore?

Fry. Heer's Signior Hipolitoes man (that shal be) come to hang
you.

Imp. Trinia, strip that villaine; Simperina pinch him, slit his wide
nose; fie, fie, fie, Ile haue you gelded for this lustines.

Fris. And she threatens to geld me vnlesse I bee lustie; what
shall poore Frisco doe?

Imp. Hang me.

Fris. No.

Blurt Master Constable.

Fris. Not I, hang mee if you will, and set vp my quarters too.

Imp. *Hypolitoes* boy come to hang me?

Doy. to hang you with Jewels, sweet and gentle; that's *Friscoes* meaning, and that's my comming.

Imp. Keepe the doore.

Fris. That's my Office indeede I haue bin your doore-keeper so long, that al the hindges, the spring-lockes and the ring, are worne to peeces; how if any body knocke at the doore?

Imp. Let them enter, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, his great tongue does so runne through my little eares; tis more harsh then a yonger-bothers courting of a Gentlewoman, when he has no crownes, Boy:

Doy. At your seruice.

Imp. My seruice? alas alas, thou canst doe me small seruice, did thy Master send this painted Iyntleman to me?

Doy. I his painted Iyntleman to you.

Imp. Well, I will hang his picture vp by the walles, till I see his face, and when I see his face, Ile take his picture downe: hold it *Trinia*.

Trin. It's most sweetly made.

Imp. Hang him vp *Simperina*.

Simp. It's a most sweet man.

Imp. And does the Maske holde? let me see it againe.

Doy. If their vizards holde, heere you shal see all their blind cheekes; this is the night, nine the houre, and I the lacke that giues warning.

Simp. He giues warning *Mistris*, shall I set him out?

Doy. You shall not neede, I can set out my selfe. *Exit.*

Imp. Flaxen haire, & short too, oh that's the French Cu but fye, fye, fye, this Flaxen hayr d men are such pu-lers, and such pidlers, and such Chicken-heartes (and yet great quarrellers) that when they Court a Ladye, they are for the better part bound to the peace: no, no, no, no, your blacke hayred man (so hee bee fayre) is your onely sweet man, & in any seruice, the most actiue: a banquet *Trinia*; quicke,

Blurt Master Constable.

quicke, quicke, quicke.

Triu. In a twinkling; s'lid my Mistris cries; like the rodd-woman: quicke quick, quick, buy any Rosemary and Bayes: *Exit.*

Imp. A little face, but a louely face; fye, fye, fye, no matter what face he make, so the other parts be Legittimate, and goe vpright: stir, stir *Simperina*, be doing, be doing, quickly; mooue, mooue, mooue.

Sim. Most incontinently, mooue, mooue, mooue: ô sweete!

Exit.

Imp. Hey ho, as I liue I must loue thee, and sucke kisses from thy lips; alacke that women should fall thus deeplie in loue, with dumbethings, that haue no feeling? but they are womens crosses, and the only way to take them is to take them patiently; hey ho! let Musicke *Frisco*.

Enter Frisco, Triuia and Simperina.

Fris. Musicke, if thou hast not a hard heart, speake to my Mistris.

Imp. Say he scorne to marry mee, yet hee shall stand mee in some Steele, by being my *Ganimede*: if he be the most decayed Gallant in all *Venice*, I will my selfe vndoe my selfe, and my whole state to set him vp againe: though speaking truth would saue my life, I will lye to doe him pleasure: yet to tell lyes may hurt the soule: fye no, no, no, soules are things to be trodden vnder our feete, when we daunce after loues Pipe; therefore heere hang this counterfeit at my beds feete.

Fris. If he bec counterfeit, nayle him vp vpon one of your poastes.

Imp. By the moyst hand of loue I sweare, I will be his Lotterie, and he shall neuer draw, but it shall be a prize.

Curueto knocke within.

Frisco. Who knockes?

Curu. Why tis I knaue.

Frisco. Then knaue knocke there still,

Curu. Wut open doore?

Fris. Yes

Blurt Master Constable

Fris. Yes when I list I will,

Cur. Heer's money,

Fris. Much:

Cur. Heer's golde:

Fris. Away:

Cur. Knaue open:

Fris. Call to our maides, God night, we are all a slopen:

Mistris, if you haue euer a Pinnace to set out, you may now haue it man'd and ryg'd; for *Signior Curuetto*, he that cryes, I am an old Courtier, but lye close, lye close, when our Maides sweare hee lyes as wide as any Courtier in *Italy*.

Imp. Doe we care how he lyes?

Knocking.

Fris. Anon, anon, anon, this old hoarie, red Deare, serues him- selfe in at your key-hole.

Cur. What *Frisco*?

Fris. Haiké, shall he enter the breach?

Imp. Fye, fie, fie, I wonder what this *Gurnets* head makes heere; yet bring him in, he will serue for picking meate; let Musicke play, for I will feyne my selfe to be a sleeper.

Enter Curuetto.

Cur. Three pence, and heere's a teston, yet take all, Comming to lumpe, we must be prodigall: Hem, I am an olde Courtier, and I can lye close; Put vp *Frisco*, put vp, put vp, put vp.

Fris. Any thing at your hands sir, I will put vp, because you sildome pull out any thing.

Sim. Softlie sweet *Signior Curuetto*, for shee's fast.

Cur. Ha, fast? my Roba fast? and but young night: Shee's wearied, wearied, ah ha, hit I right?

Sim. How sir, wearied? marie foh.

Fris. Wearied Sir? mary muffle.

Cur. No words, heere mouse, no words, no words sweet rose, I am an hoarie Courtier, & lye close, lye close, hem.

Fris. An olde hoarie Courtier? why so has a lowle of Ling, and a mustie Whiting bin (time out of minde) me thinkes *Signior*, you should not be so olde by your face:

D

Cur. I

Blurt Master Constable!

Cur. I haue a good heart knaue, and a good heart
Is a good face-maker, I am young, quicke, briske,
I was a Reueller in a long stocke;
(There's not a gallant now filles such a stocke)
Plumpe hose, pain'd, stuff with haire (haire then was held
The lightest stuffing) a faire Cod-peece: hoh,
An Eele-skin sleue, lasht heere and there with lace,
Hye collar, lasht agen: breeche lasht also:
A little sunpring ruffe, a dapper Cloake,
With Spanish button'd Cape: my Rapier heere,
Gloues like a Burgomaster heere; hat heere,
(Stucke with some ten-groate brooch:) and ouer al,
A goodlie, long thicke, *Abram*: colour'd beard;
Ho God, Ho God, thus did I Reuell it...
When *Monsieur Moi* lay heere Embassador.
But now those beards are gone, our Chinnes are bare;
Our Corters now doe all against the haire.
I can lyè close and see this, but not see, *the*
I am hoarie, but not hoarie as some be. *the*

Imp. Hey ho; who's that: *Signior Curuett* o: by my virginity---

Cur. Hem, no more,
Swear not so deepe at this yeares, men haue eyes,
And though the most are fooles, some fooles are wise.

Imp. Fie, fie, fie, and you meete mee thus at halfe weapon,
one must downe: *the*

Fris. She for my life.

Imp. Some bodie shall pay for't.

Fris. He for my head. *the*

Imp. Doe not therefore come ouer me so with crosse blows,
no, no, no. I shall be sicke, if my speech be stopt: by my Virginitie I swear: and why may not I swear by that I haue not, as well as poore mustie Soldiers doe by their honour: Brides, at foure & twentie: ha, ha, ha, by their Maiden-heads: Cittizens, by their faith, and Brokers as they hope to be saued: by my Virginitie I swear, I dream'd that one brought me a goodlie Codshead, and in one of the eyes, there stucke (mee thought) *the*

Blurt Master Constable.

the greatest pretious stone, the most sparkling Diamond: oh fie, fie, fie, fie, that Diamonds should make women such fooles.

Cur. A Codhead and a Diamond, ha, ha, ha,
Tis common, common, you may dreame as well
Of Diamonds and of Codheads, where's not one,
As sweare by your Virginitie where's none.
I am that Codhead, she has spide my stone,
My Diamond: noble wench, but nobler no sec; *Puts it vp.*
I am an olde Courtier, and lye close, lye close.

The Cornets sound a Lauolto which the Maskers are to daunce,
Camillo, Hippolito, and other Gallants, euerie one saue
Hippolito, with a Ladie Mask, Zanies with
Coaches enter sodainly: *Curuetto*
offers to depart.

Imp. No, no, no, if you shrinke from me I will not loue you:
stay.

Cur. I am coniu'r'd, and will keepe my circle.
They daunce.

Imp. Fie, fie, fie, by the neate tung of eloquence, this measure
is out of measure, tis too hot, too hot, gallants bee not ashamed
to shew your owne faces: Ladies vnapparell your deare beau-
ties: So, so, so, so, heere is a banquet; sit, sit, sit Signior *Curuetto*,
thrust in among them, soft Musicke there, doe, doe, doe.

Cur. I will first salute the men, close with the women, and
last sit.

Hip. But not sit last: a banquet? and haue these Suckets
heere? oh I haue a crue of Angels prisoners in my pocket, and
none but a good bale of dice can fetch them out: Dice ho;
come my little lecherous *Baboone*, by Saint *Marke*, you shall
venture your twentie crownes.

Cur. And haue but one.

Hip. I swore first.

Cur. Right, you swore,
But oathes are now like *Blurt our Constable*,
standing

Blurt Master Constable.

Standing for nothing, a meere plot, a trick,
The Maske dog'd me, I hit it in the nicke;
A fetch to get my Diamond, my deare stone,
I am a hoarie Courtier, but lye close, close, close;
He play Sir.

Hip. Come.

Cur. But in my to'ther hose.

Exit.

Omnes. Curueto?

Hip. Let him goe, I knew what hooke would choake him,
and therefore baited that for him to nibble vpon: an old combe-
peekt rascall, that was beaten out a'th Cocke-pit, when I could
not stand a hyc-lone without I held by a thing, to come crow-
ing among vs: hang him lobster; come, the same oath that your
Fore-man tooke, take all, and Sing.

Song.

Loue is like a Lambe, and Loue is like a Lyon,
Fly from Loue, he fights, fight, then does he fly on.

Loue is all in fire, and yet is euer freezing,

Loue is much in winning, yet is more in leezing.

Loue is euer sicke, and yet is neuer dying,

Loue is euer true, and yet is euer lying.

Loue does dote in liking, and is mad in loathing,

Loue indeede is any thing, yet indeede is nothing.

Laz. Mars armipotent with his Court-of-guard, giue sharp-
nes to my Toledo; I am beleager'd, O Chpid graunt that my
blushing prooue not a Linstocke, and giue fire too sodainlie to
the roaring Meg of my desires; most Sanguine cheekt La-
dyes.

Hip. S'foote how now Don Dego; Sanguine cheekt? dost
thinke their faces haue been at Cutlers: out you roring-tawny-
fac'd rascall, t'were a good deed to beate my hyltes about's
coxcombe, and then make him Sanguine cheekt too.

Cam. Nay good Hipolito.

Imp. Fye, fie, fie, fie, tho I hate his companie, I woud not
haue my house to abuse his countenance: no, no, no, bee not so
Contagious,

Blurt Master Constable.

Contagious, I will send him hence with a flea in'scare.

Hip. Doe, or Ile turne him into a flea, and make him skip vnder some of your petticoates.

Imp. *Signior Lazarillo:*

Laz. Most sweet face, you neede not hang out your silken tongue as a Flag of truce: for I will drop at your feete, ere I draw bloud in your Chamber; yet I shall hardly drinke vp this wrong, for your sake I will wipe it out for this time: I would deale with you in secret (so you had a voide roome) about most deepe and serious matters.

Imp. Ile send these hence; fie, fie, fie, I am so choakt still with this man of Ginger-bread, and yet I can neuer be rid of him, but harke *Hipolito*.

Hip. Good draw the Curtaines, put out Candles, and girles to bed.

Laz. *Venus*, giue me sucke, from thine owne most white and tender duggs, that I may batten in loue: decre instrument of manie mens delight, are all these women?

Imp. No no, no, they are halfe men and halfe women.

Laz. You apprehend too fast, I meane by women, wiues: for wiues are no maides, nor are maides women: If those vnbearded Gallants keepe the doores of their Wedlocke, those Ladies spend their houres of pastime but ill, (ô most rich arme full of beautie) but if you can bring all those Beamales into one ring, into one priuate place: I will read a Lecture of discipline, to their most great and honourable eares; wherein I will teach them, so to carrie their white bodies, eyther before their husbands or before their Louers, that they shall neuer feare to haue milke throwne in their faces; nor I, wine in mine, when I come to sit vp-on them in curtesie.

Imp. That were excellent, Ile haue them all heere at your pleasure.

Laz. I will shew them all the trickes and garbes of Spanish Dames, I will studye for apt and legant phrased to tickle them with; and when my deuise is readie I will come: will you inspire into your most diuine spirits, the most diuine soule of *Tobacco*?

Blurt Master Constable.

Im. No, no, no; fye, fye, fie, I should be choakt vp if your pipe should kisse my vnder-lip.

L. Hence forth, most deepe stampe of Feminine perfection, my Pye shall not bee drawne before you, but in secret.

Enter Hippolito and the rest of the Maskers, as before dauncing:

Hippolito takes Imperia, Exeunt.

Laz. Lament my case since thou canst not prouoke,
Her nose to sinell, loue fill thine owne with smoake. *Exit,*

Enter Hippolito and Frisco.

Fris. The wodden picture you sent her, hath set her on fire; and shee desires you as you pittye the case of a poore desperate Gentlewoman, to serue that *Monsieur* in at Supper to her.

Enter Camillo.

Hip. The Frenchman, Saint Dennis, let her carue him vp: Stay, heer's *Camillo*; now my foole in fashion, my sage Ideot, vp with this bri nnes; downe with this deuill (Melancholic) are you decayed concupiscentious *Inamorato*? newes, news, *Imperia* dotes on *Fontinell*.

Cam. What comfort speakes her loueto my sicke heart?

Hip. Mary this Sir; heere's a Yellow-hammer flew to me with thy water, and I cast it, and finde, that his Mistris being giuen to this newe falling-sicknesse, will cure thee: the Frenchman you see has a soft Mermaladie heart, and shall no sooner feele *Imperias* liquerish desire to licke at him, but straight hee'll sticke the brooch of her longing in it; then Sir, may you sir, come vpon my Sister sir, with a fresh charge Sir; Sa, sa, sa, sa, once giuing backe, and thrice comming forward, she yeeld and the towne of *Brest* is taken.

Cam. This hath some taste of hope, is that the *Mercury* Who brings you notice of his Mistris loue?

Fris. I may be her *Mercury*, for my running of errands; but
troth

Blurt Master Constable.

troth is Sir, I am *Cerberus*, for I am porter to hell.

Cam. Then *Cerberus* play thy part, heere, search that hell,
There finde, & bring foorth that false *Fontinell*, *Exit Frisco*
If I can win his stray'd thoughts to retyre,
From her encountered eyes, whome I haue singled
In *Hymens* holy Battaille: he shall passe
From hence to *Fraunce*, in companie and guard
Of mine owne heart: he comes *Hipolito*.

Enter Fontinell talking with Frisco.

Still lookes he like a Louer, poore Gentleman,
Loue is the mindes strong phisicke, and the pill,
That leaues the heart sicke, and ore-turnes the will.

Font. O happy persecution I embrace thee,
With an vnfettered soule; so sweet a thing,
Is it to sigh vpon the racke of loue,
Where each calamitie is groning: witnes
Of the poore Martirs faith: I neuer heard
Of any true affection, but t'was nipt
With care; that (like the Catter-piller) eates
The leaues off the springs sweetest booke, (the Rose)
„ Loue bred on earth, is often nourc'd in hell,
„ By roate it reades woe, ere it learne to spell.

Cam. God morrow French Lord.

Hip. *Bone ioure Monsieur.*

„ *Font.* To your secure and more then happie selfe,
I tender thanks, for you haue honour'd me;
You are my laylor, and haue pend me vp,
Least the poore flye (your prisoner) should alight
Vpon your Mistis lip; and thence deriue,
The dimpled print of an infectiue touch.
Thou secure tyrant, (yet vnhappy loue)
Couldst thou chaine Mountaine's to my captiue feete,
Yet *Violettaes* heart and mine should meete.

„ *Hip.* Hark swaggerer, there's a little dapple-colour'd rascal: ho

a Bone

Blurt Master Constable.

a *Bona Roba*; her name's *Imperia*, a Gentlewoman by my faith of
an auntient house, and has goodlie rents, and comminges in of
her owne, and this Ape would faine haue thee chayn'd to her in
the holie state: Sirra, shee's false in loue with thy picture, yes
faith, too her, wooe her, and win her: leaue my Sister, & thy ran-
some's paid; all's paid Gentlemen; b'ith Lord *Imperia* is as
good a girle as any is in *Venice*.

Cam. Vpon mine honour *Fontinel*. tis true,
The Ladie dotes on thy perfections,
Therefore resigne my *Violettaes* heart,
To me the Lord of it: and I will send thee ———

Font. O whether, to damnation? wilt thou not?
Thinkst thou the puritie of my true soule
Can taste your lepperous counsell? no, I desye you,
Incestancie dwell on his riueld brow,
That weddes for durt; or on thin-forced heart,
That lags in Rereward of his Fathers charge,
When to some negro-gelderling hee's clog'd,
By the Iniunction of a golden fee:
When I call backe my vowes to *Violetta*,
May I then slip into an obscure graue,
Whose mould (vnprest with stonie monument)
Dwelling in open ayre, may drinke the teares
Of the inconstant cloudes to rot me soone,
Out of my priuate linnen Sepulcher.

Cam. Is this your settled resolution?

Font. By my loues best diuinitie it is.

Cam. Then beare him to his prison backe againe,
This tune must alter ere thy lodging mend,
To death fond French-man, thy slight loue doth tend.

Font. Then constant heart, thy fate with ioy pursue,
Draw wonder to thy death expiring true.

Exit.

Hip. After him *Frisco*, inforce thy Mistresses passion, thou
shalt haue access to him, to bring him loue-tokens: if they
preuaile not, yet thou shalt still be in presence, bee't but to spite
him: In honest *Frisco*.

Fris. He

Blurt Master Constable:

Fris. He vex him to the heart Sir, feare not me,
Yet heer's a tricke perchance may set him free. *Exit.*

Hip. Come, wilt thou go laugh, and lye downe; nowe sure
there be some rebels in thy bellie, for thine eyes doe nothing
but watch and ward, tho'ait not slept these three nights.

Cam. Alas how can I be that truely loues
Burnes out the day in idle fantasies,
And when the Lambe bleating, doth bid Godnight
Vnto the closing day; then teares begin
To keep quicke time, vnto the Owle, whose voice
Shreikes, like the Bell-man in the Louers eares :
Loues eye the iewell of sleepe, oh sildome weares!
The earlie Larke is wakened from her bed,
Being onelie by Loues plaintes disquieted,
And singing in the mornings eare, she weepes
(Being deepe in loue) at louers broken sleepes:
But say a golden slumber chaunce to tye,
With silken strings the couer of loues eye:
Then dreames/ Magitian-like) mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading, leaues more discontent.
Haue you these golden charmes?

Enter Musitions.

Omnes. We haue my Lord.

Cam. Bestow them sweetlie; thinke a Louers heart
Dwels in each instrument and let it melt
In weeping straines: yonder direct your faces,
That the soft summons of a frightles parley,
May creepe into the Casement: So, begin;
Musicke speake moouing lye assume my part,
For thou must now pleade to a stonie heart,

Song.

Pitie, pittie, pittie,
Pittie, pittie, pittie,
That word begins that endes a true-loue Ditty,

E

Tour

Blurt Master Constable.

Your blessed eyes (like a paire of Sunnes,) Shine in the sphere of smiling;

Your prettie lips (like a paire of Dones) Are kisses still com-piling.

Mercy hangs upon your brow, like a precious Jewell,

O let not then,

(O Most lovely maide, best to be loued of men:)

Marble lye upon your heart, that will make you cruell:

Pitty, pittie, pittie,

Pitty, pittie, pittie:

That word begins that ends a true-love ditty.

Violetta above.

Viol. Who owes this salutation?

Cam. Thy *Camillo*.

Viol. Is not your shaddow there too, my sweet brother?

Hip. Heere sweet Sister.

Viol. I dreamt so: ô I am much bound to you,
For you my Lord haue vs'd my loue with honour.

Cam. Euer with honour.

Viol. Indee'de, indee'de you haue.

Hip. S'light, she means her French garsoon.

Viol. The same, good night, trust me tis somewhat late,
And this bleake winde nippes dead all idle prate,
I must to bed, good night.

Cam. The God of rest,

Play musicke to thine eyes, whilst on my brest
The furies sit and beate, and keepe care waking.

Hip. You will not leaue my friend in this poore taking:

Viol. Yes by the veluet brow of darknes.

Hip. You scuruey Tyt: s'foote, scuruey any thing,
Doe you heare *Susanna*: you, puncke, if I geld not your Muske-
Cat; Ile doo't by Iesu; lets goe *Camillo*.

Viol. Nay but pure swaggerer, ruffin; doe you thinke
To fright me with your bug-bear threatens? goe by;
Harke tosse-pot in your care, the French-man's mine,
And by these hands Ile haue him.

Hip. Rare

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Hip. Rare roage! fine!

Viol. He is my prisoner, (by a deede of gift)
Therefore *Camillo* you haue wrong'd me much,
To wrong my prisoner: by my troth I loue him,
The rather for the basenes he endures,
For my vnworthie selfe: Ile tell you what;
Release him, let him pleade your loue for you;
I loue a life to heare a man speake French,
Of his complection: I would vnder-goe
The instruction of that language rather far,
Than be two weekes vnmarried (by my life)
Because Ile speake true French, Ile be his wife.

Cam. O scorne to my chaste loue, burst heart.

Hip. Swounds holde.

Cam. Come (gentle friends) tye your most solemne tunes,
By siluer strings vnto a leaden pace;
False faire, inioy thy base-belou'd: adew,
Hee's farre lesse noble, and shall prooue lesse true. *Exeunt.*

Enter True-penny aboute with a letter.

True. Lady *Imperia* (the *Curtezans Zani*) hath brought you
this letter, from the poore Gentleman in the deep dungeon, but
would not stay till he had an answer.

Viol. Her groome employed by *Fontinell*? O strange!

I wonder how he got acesse to him:

Ile read, and (reading) my poore heart shall ake,

„ True-loue is iealous, feares the best loue shake.

Meete me at the end of the olde Chappell, next *Saint Lorenzos*
Monestarie, furnish your companie with a Frier, that there he
may consumate our holie vowes, 'till midnight: farewell.

Thinke Fontinell.

Hath he got oportunitie to scape?

O happie period of our seperation,

Blest night, wrap *Cynthia* in a sable sheete:

That fearefull louers may securelie meete,

Exeunt.

Enter

Blurt Master Constable.

Enter Frisco in Fontinels apparel, Fontinell making himselfe ready in Friscoes: they enter suddenly and in feare.

Fris. Play you my part branelie; you must looke like a slaue, and you shal see, Ile counterfeit the Frenchman most knaushly; my Mistris (for your sake) charg'd mee on her blessing to fall to these shifts; I left her at Cardes, shee'll sit vp till you come, because shee'll haue you play a game at Noddie; you'll to her presentlie:

Font. I will vpon mine honour.

Fris. I thinke she does not greatlie care whether you fall to her vpon your honour, or no: So, all's fit, tel my Ladie that I goe in a suite of Durance for her sake; that's your way, and this Pit-hole's mine; if I can scape hence, why so; if not, hee that's hang'd, is neerer to heauen by halfe a score steps, then hee that dyes in a bed, and so *adue Nonfieur.*

Exit.

Font. Farewell deere trustie slaue; shall I prophane This Temple with an Idole of strange loue? When I doe so let me dissolue in fire; Yet one day will I see this Dame, whose heart Talkes off my miserie, Ile not be so rude, To pay her kindnes with ingratitude.

Enter Violetta and a Frier apace.

Viol. My dearest Fontinell.

Font. My Violetta, oh God!

Viol. Oh God!

Font. Where is this reuerend Frier?

Frier. Heere, ouer ioy'd, young man.

Vio. How didst thou scape?

How came Imperaes man?

Font. No more of that.

Viol. When did *Imperae*? ———

Font. Questions now are theecues,

And

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And lyes in Ambush to surprize our ioyes,
My most happie starres shine still, shine on,
Away, come, loue best, had neede be gone.

Exit.

Enter Curuetta and Simperina.

Cur. I must not stay thou sayst:

Sim. Godsme, away.

Cur. Bussie, bussie, agen; heere's sixepence; bussie agen,
Farewell, I must not stay then.

Sim. Foh.

Cur. Farewell;

At ten a clocke thou saist, and ring a Bell
Which thou wilt hang out at this window.

Sim. Lord! shee'll heare this fidling.

Cur. No, close on my word:

Farewell iust ten a clocke, I shall come in,
Remember to let downe the Corde; iust ten
Thou'lt open mouse? pray God thou dost, Amen, Amen, Amen,
I am an olde Courtier wench, but I can spye
A young Ducke: close munn; ten; close, tis not I. *Exit Curuetta.*

Sim. Mistis, sweet Ladies,

Enter Imperia and Ladies, with table bookes.

Imp. Is his olde rotten *Aqua-vita* bottle stopt vp? is hee
gone? fie, fie, fie, fie, he so smels of Ale and Onions, and Rosa-so-
fis, fie; bolt the doore, stop the key-hole. least his breath peepe
in, burne some Perfume: I doe not loue to handle these dry'd
stocke-fishes that a-ke so much tawing, fie, fie, fie.

1 Lady. Nor I, trust me Ladie, fish!

Im. No, no no no, stooles and cushions, lowe stooles, lowe
stooles, sit, sit, sit, round Ladies round; So, so, so, so let our sweet
beauties bespred to the full and most moouing aduantage, for
we are false into his hands, who they say, has an A B C, for the
sticking in of the least white pin in any part of the body.

2 Lady. Madame Imperia, what stufte is he like to draw out

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before vs?

Imp. Nay, nay, nay, tis Greeke to mee; tis Greeke to mee; I neuer had remnant of his Spanish leather learning: heere he comes, your cares may now fit themselues out of the whole peece.

Enter Lazarino.

Laz. I doe first deliuer to your most Skreete, & long-fingred hands, this head (or top of all the members) bare and vncomb'd, to shew how deeply I stand in reuerence of your naked Female beauties. Bright and vnclipt Angels, if I were to make a discouerie of any new-found land (as *Virginia* or so) to Ladies & Courtiers, my speech should hoist vp Sailes, fit to beare vp such loftie and well rigged vessels: but because I am to deale onelie with the ciuell Chittie Matron; I will not lay vpon your blushing and delicate cheeke, any other colours, than such as will giue luster to your chittie faces, in & to that purpose, our *Thesis* is taken out of that most plentifull, but most pretious booke: Intituled, the *Oeconomicall Cornucopia*.

1 Lady. The what?

Laz. The *Oeconomicall Cornucopia*; thus,
*Wife is that wife, who (with apt wit) complains,
That shee's kept vnder, yet rules all the raines.*

2 Lady. Oh againe sweet *Signior*? *Complaines*
That shee's kept vnder? what follows?

La. *Ye: rules all the raines:*

*Wife is that wife, who (with apt Wit) complains,
That shee's kept vnder, yet rules all the raines.*

Most pure and refined plants of nature, I will not (as this *Distinction* inticeth) take vp the parts as they lye heere in order: As first, to touch your *wisedome*, it were follie: next, your *complaining*, tis too common: thirdly, your *keeping vnder*, tis about my *capachitie*: and lastly, *the raines in your owne hands*, that is the *A-per-se* of all, the verie creatine of all, and therefore how to skim off that onely, onely listen: a wife wife, no matter: apt wit, no matter: complaining, no matter: kept vnder, no great matter: but to rule the roast, is the matter.

3 Lady. That ruling of the roast goes with me.

4 Lady. And

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4 Lady. And me.

5 Lady. And me, He haue a cut of that roast.

Laz. Since then, a womans onely desire is to haue the raines in her owne white hand; your chiefe practise (the very same day that you are wiued) must be to get hold of these raines, & being fully gotten, or wound about; yet to *complaine* (with apt wit) as tho you had them not.

Imp. How shall we know Signior, when wee haue them all or not?

Laz. I will furnish your capable vnderstandings, out of my poore Spanish store, with the chiefe implements, and their appurtenances; *Obserue*, it shall be your first and finest praise, to sing the note of euery new fashion, at first sight; and (if you can) to stretch that note about *Ecla*.

Omnes. Good.

Laz. The more you pinch your Seruantes bellies for this; the smoother will the fashion sit on your backe: But if your good man, like not this Musicke, (as being too full of Crochets) your onely way is, to learne to play vpon the Virginals, and so naile his eares to your sweete humours: if this bee out of time too, yet your labour will quit the cost; for by this meanes your secret friend may haue free and open access to you, vnder the cullour of pricking you lessons: Now, because you may tye your husbands loue in most sweet knots, you shall neuer giue ouer labouring, till out of his purse you haue digged a garden: and that garden must stand a prettie distance from the Chittie; for by repairing thether, much good fruite may be grafted.

1 Lady. Marke that.

Laz. Then (in the after noone) when you addresse your sweet perfum'd body, to walke to this garden, there to gather a nose-gay, sops-in-wine, cowslips, columbines, hearts-ease, &c. The first principle to learne is, that you sticke blacke patches for the rewme on your delicate blew Temples, tho there bee no roome for the rewme; black patches are comely in most womē, & being wel fastened, draw mens eyes to shoote glances at you:

Next,

Blurt Master Constable.

Next, your ruffe must stand in print, and for that purpose, getting pocking sticks with faire and long handles, least they scorch your lilly sweating handes: then your Hat with a little brim (if you haue a little face) if otherwise, otherwise. Besides, you must play the wag with your wanton Fan; haue your Dog (call'd Pearle or Min, or why aske you for any other prettie name) daunce along by you: your Imbrodered Muffe before you, on your rauishing hands; but take heede who thrustes his fingers into your Furre.

2 Lady. Wee'll watch for that.

Laz. Once a quarter take state vpon you and be chicke; being chicke, (thus politickly) lye at your garden; your lip-sworne seruant may there visit you as a Phisition: where otherwise (if you languish at home) be sure your husband will looke to your water: This chicknes may be increast, with giuing out that you breed yong bones; and to sticke flesh vpon those bones, it shall not bee amisse, if you long for Pescods, at ten groates the Cod; and for Cherries at a crowne the Cherrie.

1 Lady. O deare Tutor!

2 Lady. Interrupt him not.

Laz. If while this pleasing fit of chicknes holde you, you be invited forth to supper, whimper and seeme vnwilling to goe; but if your good man (bestowing the sweet ducke, & kisse vpon your moyst lip) intreate, goe: marie my counsell is. you eate little at Table, because it may bee said of you, you are no cormorant; yet at your comming home you may counterfeite a qualme, & so deuour a posset: your husband need not haue his nose in that posset: no, trust your Chamber-maide onelic in this; and scarcely her, for you cannot be too carefull into whose hands you commit your secrets.

Omnes. That's certaine.

Laz. If you haue Daughters capable, marrie them by no meanes to Chittizens but choose for them some smooth chin'd curld-headed Gentleman; for Gentlemen will lift vp your daughters to their owne content: and to make these curld-pated Gallants come off the more roundlie, make your husband goe to the Herald for Armes; and let it be your daylie care, that
he

Blurt Master Constable;

hee haue a faire and comely Crest ; yea , goe all the waies your selues you can to be made Ladies, especiallie if (without daunger to his person, or for loue or money) you can procure your husband to be dubbed : The Goddesse of memorie locke vp these Jewels wh ch I haue bestowed vpon you, in your sweet braines: let these be the rules to square out your life by, tho you nere goe leuill, but tread you shooes awry : If you can get these raines into your Lillie hand you shall need no Coaches, but may driue your husbands: put it downe and according to that wise saying of you, be Saints in the Church, Angels in the streete, deuils in the Kitchin, and Apes in your bed; vpon which, leauing you tumbling; pardon me that thus abruptlie and openlie I take you all vp.

1 *La.* You haue got so farre into our bookes *Signior*, that you cannot scape without a pardon heere, if you take vs vp neuer so snappishlie.

Imp. Musicke there to close our Stomackes: how doe you like him *Madona*?

2 *Lad.* O trust me, I like him most profoundlie: why, hee's able to put downe twentie such as I am.

3 *Lady.* Let them build vpon that; nay more, wee'll henceforth neuer goe to a cunning woman, since men can teach vs our L.rie.

4 *La.* We are all fooles to him, and our husbands (if we can holde these raines fast) shall be fooles to vs.

2 *La.* If we can keepe but this Bias wenches, our good men may perchaunce once in a month get a fore-game of vs: but if they win a rubbers, let them throw their caps at it.

Imp. No, no, no, deere features, hold their noses to the grindstone and they're gone; thanks worthie *Signior*: fye, fie, fie, you stand bare too long: come bright Mirrours, will you withdraw into a gallerie, and taste a slight banquet?

1 *Lad.* Wee shall doye our selues with sweetes, my sweete *Madona*.

2 *Lad.* Troth I will not *Madona Imperia*.

Imp. No, no, no, fie, fie, fie, *Signior Lazarillo*, cyther bee you
F our

Blurt Master Constable.

our Fore-man, or else put in these Ladies (at your discretion) into the Gallerie and cut of this striuing.

La. It shall be my Office, my Fees being (as they passe) to take tole of their Alablaster hands. *Exeunt.* *Imperia* staies. Admired creature, I summon you to a parlee, you remember this is the night?

Imp. So, so, so, I doe remember; heere is a key that is your Chamber; lightes *Simperina*: about twelue a clocke you shall take my beautie prisoner; fie, fie, fie, how I blush? at 12 a clocke.

Laz. Rich Argosie of all golden pleasure.

Im. No, no, no, put vp, put vp your ioyes til anon, I wil come by my virginittie; but I must tel you one thing, that all my chambers are many nightes haunted; with what sprites none can see: but sometimes wee heare Birdes singing; sometimes Musicke playing; sometimes voices laughing, but ittire not you, nor bee frightened at any thing.

La. By *Hercules*, if any spirits rise, I will coniure them in their owne Circles with *Toledo*. (readie)

Imp. So, so, so, lightes for his chamber: is the Trap - doore
Simp. Tis set sure.

Imp. So, so, so, I will bee rid of this broilde red Sprat that stinkes so in my stomacke, fish; I hate him worse, than to haue a Tailor come a woing to me: Gods me, the sweet Ladies, the banquet, I forget: fie, fie, fie, follow deere *Signior*. *Exit.* The trap doore *Simperina*.

Sum. *Signior* come away.

Laz. *Cupid* I kisse the nocke of thy sweet bowe,
A woman makes me yeeld, *Mars* could not so.

Enter Curuetto.

Cur. Iust ten: tisten iust, that's the fixed houre,
For paiment of my loues due fees; that broke:
I forfeit a huge summe of ioyes: ho loue,
Ile keep time iust to a minute, I,
A sweet guides losse, is a deepe penaltie.
A night's so rich a venture to talte wracke,
Would make a Louer bankrupt, breake his backe:

Noh,

Blurt Master Constable.

Noh, if to sit vp late, earlie to rise,
 Or, if this Gold-finch, that with sweet notes flies,
 And wakes the dull eye euen of a puritaine;
 Can worke, then wenches *Curueto* is the man;
 I am not young, yet haue I youthfull trickes,
 Which peering day must not see; noh, close, close:
 Olde Courtier, peralous fellow; I can lye
 Hug in your bosome, close; yet none shall spye.
 Stay, heer's the doore, the window; hah, this, this,
 Cord? vmh? deare Cord, thy blessed knot I kisse:
 None peepes I hope, night clap thy veluet hand
 Npon all eyes, if now my friend thou stand:
 Ile hang a Iewell at thine eare sweet night,
 And heere it is, *Lant-horne and candle-light*.
 A peale, a lustie peale, set, ring loues knell,
 Ile sweate, but thus Ile beare away the bell.

Simperina above

Sim. Signior, who's there, Signior *Curueto*?

Cur. Vmh! drown'd? *Noahs* floud? duckt ouer head & eares?
 O sconce! & o sconce! an olde soaker, oh
 I sweate now till I drop, what villaines; oh?
 Punks, punkateeroes, nags, hags, I will ban,
 I haue catcht my bane.

Sim. Who's there?

Cur. A Water-man.

Sim. Who rings that scoulding peale? (by th'ounce

Cur. I am wringing wet, I am washt; foh, heer's Rose-water sold
 This sconce shall batter downe those windowes. *Bounce:*

Sim. What doe you meane? why doe you beate our doores?
 What doe you take vs for?

Cur. Y'are all damnd whoores.

Sim. Signior *Curueto*? *Cur.* Signior coxcombe, no;

Sym. What makes you be so hot?

Cur. You lye, I am coole,
 I am an olde Courtier, but stincking foole, foh!

Sym. Gods my life what haue you done? you are in a sweet
 pickle if you pul'd at this rope:

Blurt Master Constable.

Cur. Hang thy selfe in't, and Ile pull once agen.

Sim. Mary Muff, will you vp and ride, y^e are mine elder: by my pure Maiden-head heer's a ielt: why this was a water-workes to drowne a Ratte that vses to creepe in at this window.

Cur. Fire on your Water-workes, catch a drown'd Rat:
That's me, I haue it, god-amercie head,
Rat me; I smell a rat, I strike it dead.

Sim. You smell a sodden sheepshead; a Rat? Ia Rat, and you will not beleue me marie foh; I haue beene beleu'd of your betters, marie snicke vp.

Cur. *Simp.* nay sweet *Simp.* open agen, why *Simperina?*

Sim. Goe from my window goe, goe from, &c. away, goe by olde Ieronimo; nay and you shrinke i'th wetting, walke, walke, walke.

Cur. I crie thee mercie, if the bowle were set,
To drowne a Rat; I shrinke not, am not wet.

Sim. A Rat by this hempe, and you could ha smelt; harke you, heer's the bell, ting, ting, ting; would the clapper were in my bellie, if I am not mad at your fopperie; I could scratch, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, (as my Mistris saies) but goe, hye you home; shift you, come backe presentlie; heere you shall finde a ladder of cordes, climbe vp, Ile receiue you, my Mistris lyes alone, shee's yours, away.

Cur. O *Simp!*

Sim. Nay scud, you know what you promis'd me: I shall haue simple yawling for this, be gone and Mum. *Clap.*

Cur. Thankes, mum deere girle; I am gone, twas for a Rat, A Rat vpon my life; thou shalt haue gifts, I loue thee tho thou puts me to my shifces; I know I could be ouer-reacht by none,
A Paulons head, lye close, lye close, I am gone. *Exit.*

Musicke sodainly plaies, and Birds sing: Enter Lazarillo bare headed in his shirt: a paire of Pantaples on, a Rapier in his hand and a Tobacco pipe: he seemes amazed, and walkes so vp and downe. A song presently within.

La. Saint

Blurt Master Constable

La. Saint Iaquet and the seuen deadlie finnes (that is, the seuen wife Masters of the world) pardon me for this night, I will kill the deuill.

Within. Ha ha ha.

La. Thou Prince of Black-amoores, thou shalt haue small cause to laugh, if I run thee through: this chamber is haunted, would I had not beene brought a bed in it, or else were well deliuered: for my heart tels meetis no good lucke, to haue any thing to dee with the deuill, hee's a paultry marchant.

A Song within.

*Midnights bell goes ting, ting, ting, ting, ting,
Then dogs doe howle, and no: a bird does sing:
But the Nightingale, and she cries twit, twit, twit, twit,
Owles then on euerie bowe doe sit.
Rauens Croake on Chimnies toppes,
The Cricket in the Chamber hoppes:
And the Cats crye mew, mew, mew,
The nibbling Mouse is not a sleepe
But he goes, peepe, peepe, peepe, peepe, peepe,
And the Cats cryes, mew, mew, mew,
And still the Cats cryes mew, mew, mew,*

Laz. I shall be mowz'd by pusse-cattes: but I had rather dye a dogs death; they haue nine liues (a peece like a woman) and they will make it vp ten liues, if they and I fall a scratching: Bright *Helena* of this house, woud thy *Troy* were a fire for I am a colde; or else woud I had the Greekes wodden Curtall, to ride away: most Ambrosian-lipt creature, come away quicklie, for this nights lodging lyes colde at my heart.

The Spanish Pauin.

The Spanish Pauin: I thought the deuill could not vnderstand Spanish: but since thou art my countriman, ô thou tawnic Satin, I will daunce after thy pipe,

Blurt Master Constable.

He daunces the Spanish Pavin.

Laz. Ho sweet deuill, ho thou wilt make any man weary of thee, tho he deale with thee in his shirt,
Sweet beautie; shee'll not come, Ile fall to sleepe,
And dreame of her, loue-dreames are nere too deepe.]

Falles downe, Frisco aboue laughing.

Fris. Ha, ha, ha.

Laz. Ho, ho, *Frisco, Madona*, I am in hell, but heer is no fire;
Hell fire is all put out; what ho? so ho ho? I shall bee drown'd; I
beseech thee, deare *Frisco*, raise *Blurt* the Constable, or some
Scauinger, to come and make cleane these kennels of hell,
for they stinke so, that I shall cast away my precious selfe.

Imp. Is he downe *Frisco*?

Fris. Hee's downe, he cries out he's in hell, it's heauen to me
to haue him cry so.

Imp. Fye, fye, fye, let him lye, and get all to bed. *Exit.*

Fris. Not all, I haue fattering knauerie in hand,
He cries he's damn'd in hell; the next shall cry,
Hee's clyming vp to heauen, and heer's the ginne;
One woodcocke's staine, Ile haue his brother in. *Exit.*

Enter Curuetto.

Cur. Briske as a capring Taylor; I was washt,
But did they shau me? noh, I am too wise;
Lye close i'th bosome of their knaueries,
I am an olde hoarie Courtier, and strike dead:
I hit my markes: ware, ware, a perelous head.
Cast, I must finde a ladder made of roapes,

Enter Blurt and watch.

Ladder and roape, what follow? hanging; I
But where? ah ha, there does the riddle lye.
I haue scapt drowning; but, but, but, I hope,
I shall not scape the ladder and the roape.

Wood. Yonder's

Blurt Master Constable.

Wood. Yonder's a light Master Constable.

Blu. Peace woodcocke the sconce approaches.

Cur. Whew:

Blu. I,whisling? *Slubber* Iog the watch,& giue the Lanthorne
a flap.

Cur. Whew, *Symp*, *Symperina*?

Fris. Who's there?

Cur. Who's there?

Fris. *Signior Curuetto* heer's the ladder, I watch to doe you
a good turne, I am *Frisco*, is not *Blurt* abroad and his Bill-men?

Cur. No matter if they be, I heare none nyc:

I will snug close; out goes my candles eye,
My sconce takes this in snuffe, all's one I care not.

Fris. Why when?

Cur. I come, close, close, holde rope and spare not.

Slu. Now the candle's out.

Blu. Peace,

Cur. *Frisco* light, light, my foote is slipt, call helpe:

Frisco. Helpe, helpe, helpe, theecues, theecues, helpe,
theecues, &c.

Blu. Theecues, where? follow close: *Slubber* the Lanthorne,
holde; I charge you in the Dukes name stand: Sirra, y'are like to
hang for this: downe with him.

They take him downe.

Fris. Master *Blurt*, Master Constable, heer's his ladder, hee
comes to rob my mistris, I haue bin scar'd out of my wits, aboute
seauen times by him, and it's fortie to one, if euer they come in a-
gen, I lay fellonie to his charge.

(Cur. Fellonie? you cunny-catching slaue.

Fris. Cunny-catching will beare an action; Ile cunny-catch
you for this; if I can finde our key I will ayde you: Master
Blurt, if not, looke to him, as you will answere it vpon your
death-bed.

Blu. What are you?

Cur. A Venetian Gentleman,

Blu. Wood-

Blurt Master Constable.

Blu. Woodcocke, how dost thou Woodcocke?

Wood. Thanke your worship.

Blur. Woodcocke, you are of our side now, and therefore your acquaintance cannot serue, and you were a Gentleman of velvet I would commit you.

Cur. Why, what are you sir?

Blu. What am I sir? doe not you know this staffe? I am sir the Dukes owne Image; at this time the Dukes tongue (for fault of a better) lyes in my mouth; I am Constable sir.

Cur. Conttable, and commit me? marie *Blurt* Master Constable.

Blu. Away with him.

Omnes. It's follie to strue, *He strues.*

Blurt. I say awaie with him, Ile *Blurt* you, Ile teach you to stand couer'd to Authoritie; your hoarie head shall bee knockt when this staffe is in place.

Cur. I but Master Constable ———

Blu. No, pardon me you abuse the Duke, in me that am his Cipher, I say away with him; *Gulch*, away with him; *Woodcocke*, keepe you with me, I wil be known for more then *Blurt*, *Exeunt*

Enter Lazarillo.

Laz. Thou honest fellow (the man in the Moone) I beseech thee set fire on thy bush of thornes, to light and warme me, for I am dung wet: I fell like *Lucifer* I thinke into hell, and am crawld out, but in worse pickle than my leane Pilcher: heere about is the Hot-house of my loue, ho, ho? why ho there?

Fris. Who's that? what Deuill standes hohing at my doore solate?

Laz. I beseech thee *Frisco* take in *Lazarilloes* ghost.

Fris. *Lazarilloes* ghost? haunt me not I charge thee, I knowe thee not. I am in a dreame of a drie-Summer, therefore appeare not to me.

La. Is not this the mantion of the cherie-lipt *Madona Imperia*?

Fris. Yes,

Blurt Master Constable.

Fris. Yes, how than? you Fly-blowne rascal, what art thou?

La. *Lazavilla de Tormes*: sweete bloud, I haue a poore Spanissh suite, depending in your house; let me enter most pretious *Frisco*, the Mistris of this mansion is my beautifull Hoastesse.

Fris. How? you Turpentine pill, my wife your Hostesse? away you Spanissh vermine.

La. I beseech thee (most pittifull *Frisco*) allow my lamentation.

Fris. And you lament heere, Ile stone you with Brick-bats, I am asleepe.

Laz. My Slop and Mandillion lye at thy mercy (fine *Frisco*) I beseech thee let not my case beethine, I must and will lament.

Fris. Must you? Ile wash off your teares; away you hogs-face. *Exit.*

La. Thou hast sowed my poor hogs-face: O *Frisco*, thou art a scurvie Doctor, to cast my water no better; it is most rammish Urine, *Mars* shall not saue thee, I will make a browne toast of thy heart, and drinke it in a pot of thy strong bloud.

Enter Blurt and all his watch.

Blu. Such fellows must be taken downe, stand: what white thing is yonder?

Slub. Who goes there? come before the Constable,

La. My deare hoast *Blurt*:

Blur. You haue *Bluried* faire, I am by my Office to examine you, where you haue spent these two nights?

La. Most bigge *Blurt*, I answered thy great Authoritie, that I haue beene in hell, and am scratcht to death with Pusse-Cattes.

Blur. Doe you run a'th score at an Officers house, & then runne aboute twelue score off?

La. I did not runne my sweet-fac'd *Blurt*, the Spanissh fleet is bringing golde enough to discharge all, from the *Indies* lodge

G

me

Blurt Master Constable!

me most pittifull Bill-man.

Blu. Marie and will : I am (in the Dukes name) to charge you with despicious of felonie : and Burglarie is committed this night, and we are to reprehend any that we thinke to bee faultie ; were not you at *Madona* freckle-faces house ?

La. Signior see.

Blu. Away with him, clap him vp.

La. Most thundring *Blurt* doe not clap me,
Most thundring *Blurt* doe not clap me.

Blu. Master *Lazarus*, I know you are a forefellow where you take, and therefore I charge you (in the Dukes name) to goe without wrassling, though you be in your shirt.

La. Commendable *Blurt*.

Blu. The end of my comendations is to commit you.

La. I am kin to *Don Dego* the Spanish *Adelantado*.

Blu. If you be kin to *Don Dego* (that was sinelt out in *Paules*) you packe ; your Lantedoes nor your Lanteeroes cannot serue your turne : I charge you, let me commit you to the tuition.---

Laz. Worshipfull *Blurt*, doe not commit me into the hands of dogs.

Omnes. Dogs?

Blu. Master *Lazarus*, ther's not a dog shall bite you, these are true Bill-men, that fight vnder the common wealthes flag.

Laz. *Blurt*——

Blu. *Blurt* me no *Blurts*, Ile teach all Spaniards how to meddle with whoores.

Laz. Most cunning Constable, all Spaniards know that already, I haue medled with none.

Blu. Your being in your shirt berayes you.

Laz. I beseech thee most honest *Blurt*, let not my shirt beraye me.

Blu. I say away with him : *Musicke*, that's in the Curtizans ; they are about some vngodlic Acte, but Ile play a part in't ere morning :

Blurt Master Constable.

morning: away with *Lazarus*.

Omnes. Come Spaniard.

Laz. Thy kytes and thee, for this shal watch in durt to feede on carrion.

Blu. Hence, ptrooh.

La. O base *Blurt*! O base *Blurt*! O base *Blurt*! *Exeunt*

Enter Camillo, Hippolito, Virgilio, Asorino, Baptista, Bentiuoli Doyt and Dandyprat, all weapon'd, their Rapiers sheathes in their hands.

Camil. Gentlemen and Noble Italians, whome I loue best; who know best what wrongs I haue stood vnder: being layde on by him, who is to thanke me for his life, I did bestowe him (as the prize of mine honour) vpon my Loue, the most faire *Violetta*: my loues merit was basely solde to him, by the most false *Violetta*: not content with this Fellonie, he hath dar'd to adde the sweet theft of Ignoble marriage; shee's now, nones but his, and hee (treacherous villaine) any ones, but hers; hee dotes (my honor'd friends) on a painted Curtizan, and in scorne of our Italian lawes, our familie, our reuenge, loathes *Violettaes* bed, for a harlots bosome: I coniure you therefore, by all the bonds of Gentilitie, that as you haue solemnely sworne a most sharpe; so let the reuenge be most sodaine.

Vir. Be not your selfe a barre, to that sodainnes, by this protraction.

Omnes. Away Gentlemen, away then.

Hip. As for that light Hobby-horse my Sister, whose foule name, I will race out with my Poniard; by the honour of my Familie (which her lust hath prophaned) I sweare (and Gentlemen be in this, my sworne brothers) I sweare that as all *Venice* does admire her beautie, so all the world shall be amazed at her punishment, follow therefore.

Blurt Master Constable.

Vir. Stay, let our resolutions keepe together: whether 'goe we first?

Cam. To the Strumpet *Imperiaes*.

Omnes. Agreed, what then?

Cam. There to finde *Fontinell*; found, to kill him.

Vir. And kill'd, to hang out his reeking bodie, at his Harlots window.

Cam. And by his body, the strumpets.

Hip. And betweene both, my Sisters.

Vir. The Tragedie is iust: on then, begin.

Cam. As you goe, euerie hand pull in a friend, to strengthen vs against all opposites: he that has any drop of true Italian bloud in him, thus vow (this morning) to shed others, or let out his owne; if you consent to this, follow me.

Omnes. *Via*, away, the treacherous Frenchman dyes.

Hip. At so, Saint *Marke* my Pistoll, thus death flies.

Exeunt.

Enter Fontinell and Imperia arme in arme.

Imp. Ah you little effeminate sweete *Cheueleere*, why dost thou not get a loose Periwig of haire on thy chinne, to set thy French face off, by the panting pulse of *Venus*: thou art welcome a thousand degrees beyond the reach of Arithmaticke: Good, good, good, your lip is moiste & moouing; it hath the truest French close, euen like *Mapew*; la, la, la &c.

Font. Deare Ladie, ô life of loue, what sweetnes dwells In loues varietie? the soule that plods In one harsh booke of beautie; but repeates The stale and tedious learning, that hath oft Faded the senses: when (in reading more) We glide in new sweets, and are staru'd with store. Now by the heart of loue, my *Violet* Is a foule weede (ô pure Italian flower!) She, a blacke Negro, to the white compare,

Of

Blurt Master Constable

Of this vnequal'd beautie : O most accurst !
That I haue giuen her leaue to challenge me:
But Ladie, poison speakes Italian well,
And in a loathed kisse, Ile include her hell.

Imp. So, so, so doe, doe, doe, come, come, come; will you con-
demne the muterushes to be prest to death by your sweet bo-
dy? downe, downe, downe, heere, heere, heere; leane your head
vpon the lap of my gowne; good, good, good : O Saint *Marke!*
Heere is a loue-marke able to weare more Ladies eyes for Iew-
els then — oh ! lye still, lye still, I will leuill a true Venetian
kisse ouer your right shoulder.

Font. Shoote home (faire Mistris) and as that kisse flies,
From lip to lip, wound me with your sharpe eyes.

Imp. No, no, no, Ile beate this Cherry-treethus, & thus,
and thus; and you name wound. *kisse him.*

Font. I will offend so, to be beaten still.

Imp. Doe, doe, doe, and if you make any more such lips, when
I beate you, by my Virginitie you shall busse this rod : *Musicke.*
I pray thee bee not a puritaine. Sister to the rest of the Sciences,
I knewe the time when thou couldst abide handling.

Lowde Musicke.

Oh, fie, fie, fie, forbear, thou art like a punie-Barber (new come
to the trade) thou pick'st our eares too deepe : So, so, so, will
my sweet prisoner entertaine a poore Italian Song?

Font. O most willingly my deare *Madona.*

Imp. I care not if I perswade my bad voice to wrastle with
this Musicke and catch a straine; so, so, so, keep time, keep time,
keepe time.

Song.

Loue for such a cherrie lip,
Would be glad to paine his arrows:
Venus heere to take a Sip,
Would sell her Dones and teeme of Sparrow
But they shall not so,

Blurt Master Constable.

Hey nony nony no :

None but I this lip must owe.

Hey nony nony no.

Font. Your voice does teach the Musicke,

Imp. No, no, no.

Font. Again, deare Loue.

Imp.

Hey nony nony no :

Did Ioue see this wanton eye,

Ganimede must waite no longer :

Phoebe heere one night did lye,

Would change her face and looke much younger,

But they shall not so,

Hey nony nony no :

None but I this lip must owe,

Hey nony nony no.

Enter Frisco, Triuia, and Simperina running.

Omnes. O *Madona!* *Mistris!* *Madona!*

Fris. Case vp this Gentleman, ther's rapping at doore; and one in a small voice, saies, ther's *Camilla* and *Hippolito*.

Simp. And they will come in.

Font. Vpon their deathes they shall, for they seeke mine.

Imp. No, no, no, locke the doores fast, *Triuia*, *Simperina*, *Alas!*

Font. Come they in shape of Devils, this Angell by:

I am arm'd, let them come in; vds foote, they dye.

Imp. Fie, fie, fie, I will not haue thy white body —

Viol. What ho; *Madona?*

Knocke.

Imp. O harke! not hurt for the *Rialta*; goe, goe, goe, put vp: by my Virginie you shall put vp.

Viol. Heere are *Camilla* and *Hippolito*.

Im. Into that little roome, you are there as safe as in France, or
the

Blurt Master Constable.

the Low Countries.

Font. Oh God!

Exit.

Imp. So, so, so, let them enter; *Triuia*, *Simperina*, smoothe my gowne, treade downe the rushes, let them enter; doe, doe, doe, no wordes pretty darling: la, la, la, hey nony nony no.

Enter Frisco and Violetta.

Fris. Are two men transform'd into one woman?

Imp. How now? what motion's this?

Viol. By your leaue sweet beautie, pardon my excuse, which vnder the maske of *Camilloes* and my brothers names, sought entrance into this house: good *Sweetnes*, haue you not a proper tie heere, improper to your house, my husband?

Imp. Hah; your husband heere?

Viol. Nay be as you seeme to be (white Doue) without gall,

Imp. Gall? your husband? ha, ha, ha; by my ventoy (yellow Lady) you take your marke improper, no, no, no, my Sugar-candie Mistris) your good man is not heere I assure you; heere? ha hah.

Triu. & Sim. Heere?

Frisco. Much husbands heere.

Viol. Doe not mocke mee fairest Venetian; come, I knowe hee's heere; good faith I doe not blame him, for your beautie glides ouer his error; troth I am right glad that you (my Countrie woman) haue receiued the pawne of my affections: you cannot bee hard-harted, louing him, nor hate mee, for I loue him too: since wee both loue him, let vs not leaue him, till wee haue call'd home the ill husbandrie of a sweete Stragler; prethee (good wench) vse him well.

Imp. So, so, so.

Viol. If he deserue not to bee vsed well (as I de bee loath he should deserue it) Ile ingage my selfe (deere beauty) to thine honest hart; giue me leaue to loue him, and Ile giue him a kinde of leaue to loue thee: I know he heer's me; I prethee try mine eyes, if they

Blurt Master Constable.

if they knowe him, that haue almost drown'd themselues in their owne salt water, because they cannot see him: In troth Ile not chide him; if I speake wordes rougher then soft kisses, my pennaunce shall bee to see him kisse thee, yet to holde my peace.

Fris. And that's torment enough, alas poore wench.

Sim. Shee's an Assie, by the crowne of my Mayden-head, Ide scratch her eyes out, if my man stood in her Tables,

Viol. Good partener, lodge me in thy priuate bed,
Where (in supposed follie) he may end,
Determin'd sinne; thou smil'st, I know thou wilt;
What loosenes may terme dotage (true lie read)
Is loue ripe gather'd, not soone withered.

Imp. Good troth (pretty wed-locke) thou mak'st my little eyes smart, with washing' themselues in brine; I keep your Cocke from his owne roost? and mar such a sweete face? and wipe off that daintie red; and make *Cupid* tole the bell for your loue-sicke hart? no, no, no, if he were *Ioues* own Ingle (*Ganymed*) fie, fie, fie, Ile none; your Chamber-fellow is within, thou shalt inioy my bed, and thine owne pleasure this night: *Simperina* conduct in this Ladie; *Frisco* silence, ha, ha, ha; I am forrie to see a woman so tame a foole; come, come, come.

Viol. Starre of Venerian beautie, thanks; ô who
Can beare this wrong, and be a woman too? *Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo, Hippolito, Virgilio and others: the Duke & Gentlemen with him: Blurt and his watch on his side, with Torches.

Omnes. We are dishonour'd, giue vs way, he dyes, he dyes.

Duk. I charge you by your dueties to the State,
And loue to gentrie, sheath your weapons.

Blu. Stand, I charge you put vp your naked weapons, and wee'll put vp our rusty Billes.

Cam. Vp to the hilts, we will in his French bodie.

My

Blurt Master Constable.

My Lord, we charge you by the rauisht honour
Of an Italian Lady : by our wrongs,
By that eternall blot (which if this slaue
Passe free without reuenge) like Leprosie,
Will run ouer all the bodie of our fames;
Giue open way to our iust wrath, least bar'd —

Duk. Gentlemen —

Cam. Breaking the bonds of honour and of duetie;
We cut a passage through you with our swards.

Oranes. He that with stands vs, run him through.

Blurt. I charge you i'th Dukes name (before his owne face)
to keep the peace.

Cam. Keepethou the peace, that hast a Peasants heart,

Wato. Peasant?

Cam. Our peace must haue her cheekes painted with blood.

Omen. Away, through —

Blur. Sweet Gentlemen: though you haue called the Dukes
owne ghost Peasant, for I walke for him i'th night: (*Kilderkin &
Pisse-breech* holde out) yet heere me, (deare blouds) the Duke
heere for fault of a better and my selfe; (*Cuckee* flye not hence)
for fault of a better, are to lay you by the heeles, if you goe thus
with fire and sward; for the Duke is the head, and I
Blurt, am the puttenaunce: *Woodcocke* keepe by my side:
Now sir —

Omn. A plague vpon this *Woodcocke*; kill the Watch.

Duk. Now in the name of manhood I coniure yee,
Appeare in your true shapes; *Italians*,
You kill your honours more in this reuenge,
Than in his murder: Stay, stand, heere's the house.

Blur. Right Sir, this is the whoore-house, heere hee calles and
sets in his staffe.

Duk. Sheath all your weapons worthy Gentlemen,
And by my life I sweare, if *Fontinell*
Haue stain'd the honour of your Sisters bed,
The fact being death, Ile pay you his proude head.

H

Cam. Arrest

Blurt Master Constable.

Cam. Arrest him then before our eyes; and see!
Our furie sleepest.

Duk. This honest Officer ———

Blur. 'Blurt sir.

Duk. Shall fetch him forth; goe sirra, in our name
Attach the French Lord.

Blur. *Golicke* and the rest follow stronglie. *Exeunt watch*

Duk. O what a scandall were it to a State,
To haue a stranger, (and a prisoner)
Murdred by such a troope? Besides, through *Venice*
Are numbers of his Country-men dispearst;
Whose rage (meeting with yours) none can preuent
The mischief of a bloudie consequent.

Enter Blurt and watch, holding Fontinell and his weapons.

Blu. The Duke is within an Inch of your nose, and therefore
I dare play with it, if you put not vp; deliuer I aduise you.

Font. Yeeld vp my weapons and my foe so nye?
My selfe and weapons shall together yeeld,
Come any one, come all.

Omnes. Kill, kill the Frenchman, kill him.

Duk. Be satisfi'd my noble Countrymen,
He trust you with his life, so you will pawne
The faithes of Gentlemen, no desperate hand
Shall rob him of it; otherwise, he runnes
Vpon this daungerous point, that dares appose
His rage gainst our authoritie: French Lord,
Yeeld vp this strength, our word shal be your Guard.

Font. Who defyes death, needs none, hee's well prepar'd.

Duk. My honest fellow, with a good defence,
Enter againe, fetch out the Curtizan,
And all that are within.

Blu. Hee tickle her; it shall nere bee said that a browne Byll
lookt pale.

Exeunt watch.

Cam. French-

Blurt Master Constable:

Cam. Frenchman, thou art indebted to our Duke.

Font. For what?

Cam. Thy life, for (but for him) thy soule
Had long ere this hung trembling in the ayre,
Being frighted from thy bosome with our swoords.

Font. I doe not thanke your Duke; yet (if you will)
Turne bloudie Executioners: who dyes
For so bright beauty, is a bright Sacrifice.

Duk. The beautie you adore so, is prophane,
The breach of wedlocke (by our law) is death.

Font. Law? giue me law.

Duk. With all feueritie.

Font. In my Loues eyes immortall ioyes doe dwell,
She is my heauen; she from me, I am in hell:
Therefore your Law, your Law:

Duk. Make way, she comes.

Enter Blurt leading Imperia, watch with Violetta maskt.

Imp. Fye, Fye, Fye.

Blu. Your fye, fye, fye, nor your foh, foh, foh, cannot serue
your turne; you must now beare it off with head and shoulders.

Duk. Now fetch *Curuetto*, and the *Spaniard* heather,
Their punishments shall lye vnder one doome,
What is the maskt?

Blu. A puncke too; follow fellows, Slubber afore: *Exeunt.*

Vio. Shee that is maskt, is leader of this Maske,
What's heere? Bowes, Billes and Gunnes? noble *Camillo*,
I am sure you are Lord of all this mis-rule: I pray
For whose sake doe you make this swaggering fray?

Cam. For yours, and for your owne, we come resolu'd,
To murder him, that poisons your chaste bed;
To take reuenge on you, for your false heart:
And (wanton Dame) our wrath heere must not sleepe,
Your sinne being deep't, your share shall be most deepe.

Blurt Master Constable.

Viol. With pardon of your grace, my selfe (to you all)
At your owne weapons, thus doe answere all.
For paying away my heart, that was my owne,
Fight not to win that, in good troth tis gone.
For my deere loues abusing my chaste bed,
And her sweet theft: Alacke, you are misled,
This was a plot of mine, onelie to trie
Your loues strange temper; sooth I doe not lye.
My *Fontinell* nere dally'd in her armes;
She neuer bound his heart with amorous charmes,
My *Fontinell* nere loath'd my sweet embrace,
Shee neuer drew loues picture by his face;
When he from her white hand would strue to goe,
Shee neuer cry'd fye, fye, nor no, no, no.
With prayers and bribes, we hyred her (*Both*) to lye
Vnder that rooffe; for this must my loue dye?
Who dare be so hard harted? looke you, we kisse,
And if he loath his *Violetta*; iudge by this.

Font. O sweetest *Violet*; I blush ———

Kiss.

Viol. Good figure,

We are still that maiden blush, but still be mine.

Font. I seale my selfe thine owne, with both my hands;
In this true deede of gift: Gallants, heere stands
This Ladies Champion, at his foote Ile lye,
That dares touch her: who taintes my constancie,
I am no man for him, fight he with her,
And yeeld, for shee's a noble conquerer.

Duk. This combat shall not neede; for see, asham'd,
Of their rash vowes, these Gentlemen heere breake,
This storme; and doe with hands, what tongues should speake,

Omnes. All friends?

All friends.

Hip. Puncke you may laugh at this,
Heer's trickes, but mouth Ile stop you with a kisse.

Enter

Blurt Master Constable.

Enter Curuetto and Lazarillo, led by Blurt and the watch.

Blu. Roome, keep al the scabs back, for heer comes *Lazarus*.

Duk. Oh heer's our other spirits that walke i'th night,
Signior Curuetto, by complaint from her,
And by your writing heere, I reach the depth
Of your offence; they charge your climbing vp
To be to rob her: if so, then by law
You are to dye vnlesse she marrie you.

Im. I, Fie fie, fie, I will be burnt to ashes first.

Cur. How? dye? or marie her? then call me *Daw*,
Marry her: shee's more common then the law,
For boyes to call me *Oxe*: noh, I am not drunke,
He play with her, but (hang her) wed no puncke.
I shall be a hoarie Courtier then indeede,
And haue a perilous head, then I were best
Lye close, lye close, to hide my forked crest.
Noh; fye, fye, fye, hang me before the doore,
Where I was drown'd ere I marry with a whore.

Duk. Well *Signior*, for we rightly vnderstand,
From your accusers, how you stood her guest,
We pardon you and passe it as a iest:
And for the Spaniard sped so hardlie too,
Discharge him *Blurt*, *Signior* we pardon you.

Blu. Sir, hee's not to bee discharg'd, nor so to bee shot off, I
haue put him into a new suite, and haue entred into him with an
action, he owes me two and thirtie shillings.

Laz. It is thy honour to haue me dye in thy debt.

Blu. It would be more honour to thee to pay me before thou
dye'st; twenty shillings of this debt came out of his nose.

Laz. Beare witnes great Duke, hee's paide twentie shillings.

Blu. *Signior* no, you cannot sinoake me so; he tooke twenty
shillings of it in a fewme, and the rest I charge him with for
his lying,

Blurt Master Constable.

La. My lying (most pittifull Prince) was abhominable.

Blu. He did lye (for the time) as well as any Knight of the Poaste did euer lye.

Laz. I doe heere put off thy suite, and appeale; I warne thee to the Court of Conscience, and will pay thee by two pence a weeke, which I wil rake out of the hot embers of *Tobacco* ashes, and then trauaile on foote to the *Indies* for more golde, whose red cheekes I will kisse, and beate thee *Blurt* if thou watch for me.

Hip. There be many of your Countrymen in *Ireland* Signior, trauaile to them.

La. No, I will fall no more into bogges.

Duk. Sirra, his debt, our selfe will satisfie.

Blu. Blur (my Lord) dare take your word for as much more.

Duk. And since this heate of furie is all spent,
And Tragicke shapes meete Comickall euent:
Let this bright morning, merrily be crown'd
With daunces, banquets, and choyce Musickes sound. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.





